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## TRANSLATION: A METHOD FOR THE VITAL STUDY OF LITERATURE

### SECOND PAPER

#### III. A PRACTICAL THEORY

In our first paper we quoted for criticism as typical of a certain school, the impossible theory of translation brought forward by Dr. Trench half a century ago, in connection with his still serviceable essay, introductory to the study of Calderon. It was not, however, without amusement that we read in Mr. Edward Fitzgerald's complete works a passage quoted from a letter to Dr. Trench: "I remember that you regretted having tried the asonante, and you now decide that prose is best for English translation."<sup>1</sup> Action and reaction! From the strictest sect to the loosest! Yet such is human nature, and we need not marvel at his antipodal change of heart. The reader has but to compare Shelley and Fitzgerald with Trench and MacCarthy in the *Magico Prodigioso*; Fitzgerald alone with MacCarthy and Trench in the *Vida es Sueño*, to decide whether it is better we should deal with a poet as a poet, and be an English Pegasus unto his Spanish poetship; or prefer the rôle of the pack ass, transporting his exotic provisions and camp outfit, nay, and his corpse to boot, while leaving his spirit to soar in spaces Empyrean beyond our English ken! So hopelessly bad as we may seem to imply, the case verily is not. But a little hyper-

<sup>1</sup> Dated 1880; the translations, 1856.

bole sometimes, picturesquely jocose, clears the atmosphere, as the damnatory psalms and the British commination service did for our near and dear forefathers of blessed memory. "I am persuaded," says Fitzgerald, "that to keep life in the Work (as drama must), the translator, however inferior to his original, must recast that original into his own likeness, more or less."<sup>2</sup> Surely he is right, and let us remark incidentally: it is not only Drama that needs to have life kept in it! Fitzgerald's *Omar* has won both its author and translator great fame; and the famous translation of Omar was done on the same principle as the adaptations of Calderon, only far more idiosyncratically applied. Since, we have had many closer renderings of the Persian astronomer-poet's stanzas, but I fancy we shall, to the last man and woman of us, still hold on to the skirts of Fitzgerald, for all the insinuations of the "Variorum," or the praiseworthy improvements of Mr. George Roe.<sup>3</sup> It may be "impudence" to "meddle in so free and easy a way with a great man's masterpieces."<sup>4</sup> but Fitzgerald did not fail, as he feared; for he actually "conciliated English or modern sympathy," and performed the miracle of making Calderon and Omar into English; and modern poets, for whom we shall thenceforth care to suffer with stoic delight the labors even of literal translators; word for worders, verse for versers, rhyme for rhymers, pun for punners, unto the verbal contortionists and prestidigitators in the nethermost pit of unidiomatic infamy!

Quite apart from the doctrine and practice of this King of Paraphrasts, and his follower afar off (Mr. Richard Le-Gallienne, Hâfiz in tow), even the greatest of translators, is as we have now stated several times, by moments at least, however unavowedly of his school. Let the student copy out side by side Shelley's, Anster's, Haven's,<sup>5</sup> Swanwick's, Martin's, Taylor's, Latham's and Bowring's renderings of the Songs of the Archangels with which opens the Prologue in Heaven

<sup>2</sup> A letter to James Russell Lowell, 1878.

<sup>3</sup> *Rubaiyât* of Omar Khâyyâm, etc. A. C. McClurg & Co., 1906.

<sup>4</sup> Letter to R. C. Trench, 1865.

<sup>5</sup> *Select Minor Poems*, translated from the German of Goethe and Schiller, with notes. John S. Dwight, Boston.

to Goethe's *Faust*.<sup>6</sup> Which of them is Goethe's poem? Or for greater brevity let the reader take the untranslatable last eight lines of the Second Part of *Faust*, and compare the results of translations, and decide whether he will insist on an identical rhyme-system in lines so brief as to exclude wholly the element of paraphrase.

TRANSLATION OF A POEM FROM GOETHE

- (1) *Alles Vergängliche  
Ist nur ein Gleichniss;  
Was Unzulängliche  
Hier wird's Ereigniss;  
Das unbeschreibliche  
Hier ist es gethan  
Dast Ewig Weibliche  
Zieht uns hinan.*
- (2) All we see before us passing  
Sign and symbol is alone;  
Here, what thought can never reach to  
Is by semblances made known;  
What man's words may never alter,  
Done in act — in symbol shown.  
Love, whose perfect type is woman  
The divine and human blending,  
Love forever and forever,  
Draws us onward, still ascending.  
(Anster, '35)
- (3) All of mere transient date  
As symbol showeth;  
Here the inadequate  
To fulness groweth;  
Here the ineffable  
Wrought is in love;  
The ever-womanly  
Draws us above.  
(Swanwick, '49)
- (4) Each thing of mortal birth  
Is but a type;  
What was of feeble worth  
Here becomes ripe!  
What was a mystery

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<sup>6</sup>In mentioning archangels, "Mr." and "Miss" become otiose glories, that scream for discreet omission — and so the euphonic protest against Arnoldian urbanity has been heeded here.

Here meets the eye;  
The everwomanly  
Draws us on high. (E. A. Bowring, '53)

- (5) All in earth's fleeting state  
As symbol is still meant;  
Here the inadequate  
Grows to fulfillment,  
Here is wrought the inscrutable,  
To silence that awes us;  
Love, eternal, immutable,  
On, ever on, draws us. (Martin, '65)

- (6) All things transitory  
But as symbols are sent;  
Earth's insufficiency  
Here grows to event:  
The Indescribable  
Here it is done;  
The woman-soul leadeth us  
Upward and on! (Taylor, '70)

- (7) Mortal that perishes  
Types the ideal,  
All that fault cherishes  
Thus becomes real.  
Wrought superhumanly  
Here it is gone —  
The ever-womanly  
Draweth us on. (F. H. Hedge<sup>1</sup>)

- (8) All things corruptible  
Are but reflection;  
Earth's insufficiency  
Here finds perfection;  
Here the ineffable  
Wrought in with love;  
The Eternal-Womanly  
Draws us above. (Latham, '02)

- (9) All things that perish here  
Shadow the ideal;  
Vain longings we cherish here,  
Lo, they wax real;  
Behold superhumanly  
Th' ineffable done!  
The evermore womanly  
Draweth upward and on. (W. N. G.)

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<sup>1</sup> In Crowell's edition of Swanwick's *Faust*.

In a previous paper published in THE SEWANEE REVIEW, entitled: "Some Odes and Didactic Verse of Goethe in English," the little lyric *Über allen Gipfeln* was adduced, and its best known translations criticized, all on the score of the exiguous metric limits and the difficult rhyme-system of the original, which preclude paraphrase and natural idiomatic translation. We venture to offer for the reader's proper humiliation—if he cherish the heresy of absolute metric fidelity, etc., eleven gay experiments of our domestic Muse, tossing in air the Bohemian glass of an impossible little lyric by the great Goethe at his best.

- (1) *Über allen Gipfeln*  
Ist Ruh,  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde  
Warte nur — balde  
Ruhest du auch.
- (2) Above every height, lo,  
Is calm;  
In treetops light, low,  
Breatheth the balm  
Of dreamless sleep;  
Woodbirds are dumb: be still too;  
Soon thou shalt have thy fill too  
Of peace, calm, deep.
- (3) Above every summit  
Peace broods;  
What hush hath o'ercome it —  
The gloam of the woods,—  
Scarce a breath aloft;  
The wee birds be silent also;  
Soon peace shall befall so  
Thee, too, dream-soft.
- (4) O'er all summits what quiet  
For aye!  
No breath doth sigh at  
The topmost spray,—  
No murmur to hear;  
Hushed are the woodland thrushes:  
How deep the spirit's hush is,—  
Thy rest draweth near.

- (5) Peace hovers forever  
O'er the height;  
In treetops no waver  
To-night,  
No breath; Ah, me  
The birds in the woods be silent;  
Abide but a little while, and  
Peace visiteth thee.
- (6) Over all high places —  
Repose!  
In leafy laces  
Comes and goes  
To the topmost spray,  
No breath even; the woodbirds are dumb now,  
Wait, soon to thee will come, now  
Repose for aye.
- (7) Above all high places  
Calm bides;  
In leafy green spaces  
Aloft, there glides  
Scarce a breath of air;  
The woodbirds are still. Refrain thee;  
Like calm shall gain thee  
Soon aware.
- (8) O'er all heights that are highest  
All's still;  
In treetops no shyest  
Waking thrill,  
No breath as in dream;  
Birds in the brake are dumb too:—  
Ah, wait,— thou soon wilt come to  
Thy rest supreme.
- (9) O'er the heights forever  
Is rest;  
Not a breath, not a quiver,  
The tranquillest  
In the treetops high;  
No note of woodthrush or plover;—  
Be quiet,— the day is over —  
Thy rest draws nigh.
- (10) On every sheer height is  
Deep peace;  
The breath so light is  
Nigh to cease,—

In the tree tops, see!  
Woodwarblers of song are bereaven;  
Soon peace cometh even  
To thee and me.

- (11) O'er the summits thou soarest,  
Still Peace;  
To the tops of the forest  
Wavers cease,  
Scarce a breath! The song  
Of the woodbirds is fled. Ah, whither?  
Like peace stealeth hither  
For thee, ere long.

- (12) O'er the heights hov' reth  
Deep rest;  
Not a quiver discov' reth  
Wind-caressed,  
In the treetops a breath;  
The woodbirds hush them; Ah, bide thee,  
Rest steals beside thee,  
And beckoneth!

But if it be still contended that a translated poem shall preserve the exact form of the original, number of lines, metrical system, rhyme-enlacing, kind of rhyme etc., etc., how shall this be in a piece like the one in question? Feminine rhymes are scarce in English, and likely to be forced and grotesque. Admittedly no such word as 'Gipfel' exists in English, 'Ruhe' is not exactly convertible with either rest, calm or peace. For 'gipfel,' 'summit,' 'high places,' 'sheer height,' the 'heights' are only equivalents. Of these again 'summit' has no available rhymes; and even 'places' is very difficult, requiring a verbal roundabout, unless 'green spaces' can be pressed into service to describe the massed leafage of the trees, what French so collectively and with poetic delicacy describes as to "*la ramée*." So our eleven efforts at rendering this difficult little poem are printed here, to make evident that rigid adherence to the form of the original is theoretically possible, provided always somewhere paraphrase be permitted; and what is far more serious, the employment of forced rhymes, and occasionally doubtful uses of words (as 'glides' in the seventh, or 'wavers' in the eleventh version), and broken constructions (as

in the third, fourth, tenth and twelfth) be allowed to pass muster, where the original is a fluid indivisible whole.

Now the most serious defect apparent alike in all these eleven translations may as well be frankly confessed, anticipating our readers' head-shake. Where the original is simple, inevitable, with all the air of an improvisation, the eleven versions are more or less stilted, difficult, self-conscious and devoid of singing lilt. But how can ease and naïveté of expression be obtained, and a foreign rhyme system be adhered to unaltered; while we are constrained to move, besides, within such narrow metrical limits as to allow of practically no inversion and no paraphrase, that is with grace and charm?

Clearly the theory of rigid adhesion to the form of the original, must allow for exceptions numerous and glaring in proportion to the lack of kinship between the languages in question, and the singular felicity and inimitable fragility of lyric rhyme, rhythm, verbal euphony and spell-power.

#### IV. A GREAT TRANSLATOR

But it may very well be argued that the writer's skill and gift is not such as to establish any argument, whatever his laudable assiduity may be. Let us then turn from his admittedly doubtful experiments above quoted, to the work beyond cavil of perhaps the supreme English translator: Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

It was indeed a great gift to our literature, that wondrous volume of *Dante and His Circle*, enabling us all to estimate the value of the poetry our most inspired forefathers loved, and endeavored to emulate, from Chaucer to Sidney and Spenser. Considerable as may have been at times the influence of old France, that of Italian poetry was unintermittent and greatly for good. Not blindly adoring would we seem, but deeply thankful. We are indeed enabled at times to criticize Rossetti's work, enjoying the advantage of comparison with other translations. Compare for instance Dante's Sonnet to Guido Cavalcanti in Shelley's version, with Rossetti's. The last lines of the octave trouble both translators.

*Anzi vivendo sempre in un talento  
Di star insieme crescesse il desio."*

But we, observing old companionship,  
To be companions still should long thereby.

Surely Shelley wins the honors with

That even satiety should still enhance  
Between our hearts their strict community.

But most striking is Rossetti's rendering of the second line in the sestet:

And her the thirtieth on my roll,

marring, for English readers with unintelligible fidelity, the poem as such. Shelley paraphrases this obscure reference to a list of bygone beauties, "and my gentle love" erring, only in the person of the possessive pronoun 'my' for 'thy.' On the other hand,

*E quivi ragionar sempre d'amore,*

is certainly better rendered:

And not to talk of anything but love,

by Rossetti; than by Shelley in his pointless phrase "with passionate talk." Yet again the last line:

*Siccome io credo che saremo noi,*

is more lyrically fluid in Shelley's:

As I believe that thou and I should be,

than in Rossetti's—

As we should be, I think, if this were thus.

How one wishes that Rossetti had followed up this generous gift of *Dante and His Circle* with a Divine Comedy, that should forever naturalize the mature genius of the great Dante in England's and America's Helicon! That this is no mere pious wish founded on devout ignorance of rival claims, let a comparison attest in the crucial passage (lines 112 to 142) of Canto V in the *Inferno*. It is the well-known narrative concerning Paolo and Francesco's love and death and doom. And here to save space let us fix our attention exclusively on the four most remarkable and famous morsels from the great passage:

(1)

*O lasso!**Quanti dolci pensier, quanto desio  
Menò costoro al doloroso passio!*

Alas, how many sweet thoughts, how great desire, led these unto  
the woeful pass. (Norton's prose.)

Ah me! what sweet thoughts, what longing led them to the woeful  
pass! (Gallancz, prose by terzets.)

Alas! by what sweet thoughts, what fond desire  
Must they at length to that ill pass have reached!  
(Carey, blank verse.)

Alas!  
How many pleasant thoughts, how much desire  
Conducted them unto the dolorous pass!  
(Longfellow, blank verse.)

Alas!  
All their sweet thoughts then, all the steps that led  
To love, but brought them to this dolorous pass.  
(Leigh Hunt, terza rima)

Ah, Woe!  
What sweet fond thoughts, what passionate desire  
Led to the pass whence such great sorrows flow!  
(Plumptre, terza rima)

Alas!  
How many sweet thoughts and how much desire  
Led those two onward to the dolorous pass! (Rossetti)

(2)

Ma dimmi, al tempo de' dolci sospiri  
A che e come concedette amore  
Che conoscesti i dubbiosi desiri.

But tell me at the time of the sweet sighs by what and how did love con-  
cede to you to *know the dubious desires*? (Norton)

But tell me: in the time of the sweet sighs by what and how love granted  
you to *know the dubious desires*? (Gollancz)

But tell me in the time of your sweet sighs,  
By what, and how love granted that *ye knew*  
*Your yet uncertain wishes*? (Carey)

But tell me at the time of those sweet sighs  
By what and in what manner love conceded,  
That *you should know your dubious desires*. (Longfellow)

But tell me, at the time when sighs were sweet,  
What made thee strive no longer;—hurried thee  
To the last step where bliss and sorrow meet? (Hunt)

But tell me in the time of those sweet sighs,  
The hour, the mode in which love led you on  
*Doubtful desires to know with open eyes.* (Plumptre)

But tell me in the season of sweet sighs,  
When and what way did love instruct you so  
That *he in your vague longings made you wise?* (Rossetti)

- (3) Nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria; e ciò sa il tuo dottore.

There is no greater woe than in misery to remember the happy time,  
and that thy teacher knows. (Norton)

There is no greater pain than to recall a happy time in wretchedness: and  
this thy teacher knows. (Gollancz)

No greater grief than to remember days  
Of joy, when misery is at hand. That kens  
Thy learn'd instructor. (Carey)

There is no greater sorrow  
Than to be mindful of the happy time  
In misery, and that thy teacher knows. (Longfellow)

There is no greater sorrow (answered she)  
And this thy teacher here knoweth full well,  
Than calling to mind joy in misery. (Hunt)

A greater grief is none  
Than to remember happier seasons past  
In anguish; this thy teacher well hath known. (Plumptre)

There is no greater woe  
Than the remembrance brings of happy days  
In misery; and this thy guide doth know. (Rossetti)

- (4) Quando legemmo il *disiato* riso  
Esser baciato *da cotanto* amante,  
Questi, che mai da me non *fia diviso*,  
La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante.

When we read of the *longed-for* smile being kissed by *such* a lover, this  
one, who never from me *shall be divided*, kissed my mouth all trembling.  
(Norton)

When we read how the *fond* smile was kissed by *such* a lover, he who  
*shall* never be *divided* from me, kissed my mouth all trembling.  
(Gollancz)

When of that smile we read,  
The *wished* smile so rapturously kissed

By one *so deep* in love, then he, who ne'er  
From me *shall separate*, at once my lips  
All trembling kissed. (Carey)

When as we read of the much longed-for smile  
Being by *such a noble* lover kissed,  
This one, who ne'er from me *shall be divided*,  
Kissed me upon the mouth all palpitating. (Longfellow)

'Twas where the lover, *mothlike in his flame*  
Drawn by her *sweet* smile, kissed it. O then he  
Whose lot and mine *are now for aye the same*,  
All in a tremble on the mouth kissed me. (Hunt)

When as we read how smile *long sought for* flushed  
Fair face at kiss of lover *so renowned*,  
He kissed me on my lips, as impulse rushed,  
All trembling; now with *me for aye is bound*. (Plumtre)

For when we read of that *great* lover, how  
He kissed the smile which he had *longed to win*,  
Then he whom *naught can sever* from me now  
Forever, kissed my mouth all quivering. (Rossetti)

How does not the closeness of the prose suggest at times the strait-jacket? How does not Hunt, the irresponsible, paraphrase altogether at times too recklessly? How does not the stalwart Plumtre fail utterly in the fourth? And how always adequate and frequently brilliant is not Rossetti?

But it may be contended that Rossetti was so peculiarly consecrated to the service of Dante, as to make such a comparison unfair. Let us turn then to his version from Villon, and note the coincidence here also, and in greater degree of translator and paraphrast; the latter always only appearing for desperate rescue of the former, or for the divine miracle that transfigures, through revisualization of the first poet's inspiring vision, the mere translation into a new original poem by the original poet in the translator's language. So we glance first at *The Ballade of Dead Ladies*, where we have three other good translations conveniently to hand for comparison: Miss Castello's, Mr. John Payne's and Mr. Andrew Lang's.<sup>8</sup> First let us con-

<sup>8</sup> L. S. Castello's specimens of the Early Poetry of France; London, 1885, freely quoted in Longfellow's "Poets and Poetry of Europe."

"Ballades and Verses Vain." Andrew Lang, Scribner 1884.

"The Poems of Master François Villon," John Payne. Thomas Mosher, 1900.

sider the refrain, that most critical of all lines in a ballade:

*Mais où sont les neiges d'antan !*

Where is fled the South wind's snow? (Castello)

But what is become of last year's snow? (Payne)

But where is the last year's snow? (Lang)

But where are the snows of yesteryear? (Rossetti).

What a felicity is not this last! Next, let us view the opening lines, only less critical for the beauty of the ballade:

Dictes-moi où, n'en quel pays  
Est Flora, la belle Romaine.

Tell me to what region flown  
Is Flora, the fair Roman gone. (Castello)

Tell me where, in what land of shade,  
Bides fair Flora of Rome, and where . . . (Payne)

Nay, tell me now in what strange air  
The Roman Flora dwells to-day. (Lang)

Tell me now in what hidden way is  
Lady Flora, the lovely Roman? (Rossetti).

Often has this opening been deservedly praised. But let the student persevere in the comparison, and it is a temptation too strong for us to bring out, here and now, the difficult lines concerning the "beatified maid:"

Et Jehanne, la bonne Lorraine,  
Qu 'Anglois brulèrent à Rouen ;  
Où sont ils, Vierge Souveraine ? . .

Where is Joan, whom English flame  
Gave, at Rouen, death and fame?  
Where are all? Does any know? (Castello)

And Joan the Maid,  
The good Lorrainer, the English bare  
Captive to Rouen and burned her there;

Where are they, Virgin debonair? (Payne)

Good Joan, whom English did betray  
In Rouen town and burned her? No,  
Maiden and Queen, no man may say: (Lang)

And that good Joan whom Englishmen  
At Rouen doomed and burned her there,—  
Mother of God, where are they then? . . . . (Rossetti)

Once again it may be objected that this particular piece of translation is an original inspiration of Rossetti's. Very well, and so be it. The point of the present writer is exactly that Rossetti had just such inspirations in an almost continuous series. The ballade made by Villon at his mother's request troubles Rossetti no little by such ultra orthodox terms as 'sin' and 'sinner,' which he periphrastically avoids, as suggestive in English of a nasal tone. There is a difficulty too in the poem's stress on trans-substantiation, and the Virgin birth, which to an English ear seems strange, and perchance (*mirabile dictu*) indelicate. Hence a reconception of the last four lines in the second stanza; which is, we can not but think, more effective, than a direct translation must always turn out to be in this particular case:

Preservez moy, que point je ne face ce;  
Vierge portant, sans rompure encourir,  
Le sacrement qu'on célèbre à la messe.  
En ceste foi je vueil vivre et mourir.

Assoilzie me, that I may have no teen,  
Maid, that without breach of Virginity  
Didst bear our Lord that in the Host is seen.  
In this belief I will to live and die. (Payne)

Oh, help me lest in vain for me should pass  
(Sweet Virgin that shalt have no loss thereby!)  
The blessèd Host, and sacring of the Mass.  
Even in this faith I choose to live and die. (Rossetti)<sup>9</sup>

Let, however, in all candor, the comparison of the entire ballade be instituted, and there can remain little doubt of Mr. Rossetti's superiority, although Mr. Payne knows his old French better, and strives honestly enough for archaic atmosphere in English, and fails not to achieve, on the whole a level of craftsmanship surpassed only perhaps by two or three English translators of very modern times.

But what we have been at such great pains to exhibit, namely Dante Gabriel Rossetti's great eminence as a translator, has for us at present only this primary importance: that he, our

<sup>9</sup> In translating Villon, Swinburne alone seems to be Rossetti's peer.

greatest translator, is paraphrast not for convenience sake, but from linguistic and æsthetic necessity, a goodly part of the time; and that paraphrase, if poetically legitimate, does not constitute a mere detached periphrasis of an untranslatable phrase, but is the result of fresh visualization of the original poet's vision, so that the altered expression is as legitimate a product of the first vital idea of the poem, as that for which it becomes an inevitable substitute.

#### V. A CURIOUS INSTANCE.

Now for the proof of this proposition we have a most interesting illustration, which, will for readers steeped in mere textual criticism long wonted to the quite mechanical hanging of masterpieces on mere circumstantial evidence, border on the incredible and the occult! Antoine-Vincent Arnault<sup>10</sup> wrote after the Battle of Waterloo, a little elegy in parable form to the Princess Hortense, in which Napoleon is the oak, storm-stricken; Arnault the wind-driven leaf, and, at the end, the laurel leaf; Hortense the petal of the rose. Leopardi liked the little poem, but either was not aware of the original allusions, or ignored them wilfully. Be that as it may, he omitted, in translating, the three passages italicized in the French and introduced the words and phrases italicized in the Italian, entitling his derivative poem *Imitazione*.

#### LA FEUILLE.

De ta tige détachée,  
Pauvre feuille *desséchée*,  
Ou vas-tu? *Je n'en sais rien.*  
*L'orage a brisé le chêne*  
Qui seul était mon *soutien*.  
De son inconstante *haleine*,  
*Le zéphyr ou l'aiglon*  
*Depuis ce jour me promène*  
De la forêt à la plaine,  
De la montagne au vallon.  
Je vais où le vent me mène,  
*Sans me plaindre ou m'effrayer:*  
Je vais où va toute chose  
Ou va la feuille de rose  
Et la feuille de laurier.

(Arnault. '15)

#### IMITAZIONE

Lungi dal proprio ramo,  
Povera foglia *frale*,  
Dove vai tu? Dal *faggio*  
La *dov'io nacqui*, mi divide il vento.  
Esso, *tornando*, a volo  
Dal bosco alla campagna,  
Dalla valle mi *porta* alla montagna.  
Vo *pellagrina*, e tutto l'altro *ignoro*.  
Vo dove ogni altra cosa,  
Dove *naturalmente*  
Va la foglia di rosa,  
E la foglia d'alloro. (Leopardi. '31-'35)

<sup>10</sup> 1766-1834.

Now it is most noteworthy that "frêle" (fragile) for "desséchée" (withered), "pellegrina" (a pilgrim, wanderer) and "porta" (carries) for "me promène" (drives me), increase the universal pathetic applicability with a deepened sense of frailty and fatality. The loss of the storm, on the contrary, that breaks the oak,<sup>11</sup> the substitution of the brief "tornando" (turning) for "inconstante haleine, le zephyr on l'aquilon," (intermittent breath, the zephyr or the winter wind) makes the objective reality less vivid and dramatic. The most important change however is the substitution of "tutto l'altro ignoro" (all else I know not), intimating an agnostic despair, instead of "Je n'en sais rien," at the beginning of the leaf's reply, which merely denied knowledge of its destined direction. "Sans me plaindre on m'effrayer" insinuated a militant, stoic, feeling, which is out of keeping with Leopardi's sentimental doctrine of humanitarianism, based on pessimism: and "Seco perpetuamente" (forever with the wind) and "naturalmente" (by course of nature's law) added to the whither of all things, makes the pessimism absolute and philosophically necessary.

Rightly, to be sure, did Leopardi omit any reference to Arnault's poem in the title of his piece. Too great and true a poet was he to suppose his "Imitazione" any fair equivalent of *La Feuille*.

Now it so happened that Dante Gabriel Rossetti read and was drawn to Leopardi's poem. It set him to musing, and finally to versifying, with the result of "The Leaf;" which we print with all departures from the Italian italicized:

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<sup>11</sup> In Leopardi, *chêne* becomes *faggio* (beech) instead of *quercia*, probably because of difference in sentiment (pathos instead of stoic valor); and the English love of the oak restored the original tree chosen as Jove's, and therefore Napoleon's.

# THE LEAF

Torn from your parent bough,  
 Poor leaf all *withered* now,  
 Where go you? "*I cannot tell.*  
*Storm stricken is the oak-tree*  
 Where I grew, whence I fell.  
 Changeful continually,  
*The zephyr and hurricane*  
 Since that day bid me *flee*  
 From deepest woods to the lea,  
 From highest hills to the plain.  
 Where the wind carries me  
*I go without fear or grief:*  
 I go whither each one goes;  
 Thither the leaf of the rose,  
 And thither the laurel-leaf." ('69-'73)

# IMITAZIONE

Lungi dal proprio ramo,  
 Povera foglia frale,  
 Dove vai tu? Dal faggio  
 La dov'io nacqui, mi divise il vento.  
 Ezzo, tornando, a volo  
 Dal bosco alla campagna,  
 Dalla valle mi porta alla montagna.  
 Vo pellagrina, e tutto l'altro ignoro.  
 Vo dove ogni altra cosa,  
 Dove naturalmente  
 Va la foglia de rosa,  
 E la foglia d'alloro. (Leopardi.)

Note that "Dov' io nacqui" (where I was born) is represented above by "parent," inapplicable of course to Napoleon. "Perpetuamente" (perpetually) is properly transferred from the flight, to the changefulness of the wind, as "continually." The feeling of "pellegrina" (pilgrim) is excluded. The agnosticism of "tutto l'altro ignoro" disappears; and also the scientific fatalism of "naturalmente." On the other hand, the circumstances of the storm re-appears, and along with it the stoic refusal to complain or cherish fear.

# THE LEAF

Torn from your parent bough,  
 Poor leaf all withered now,  
 Where go you? "*I cannot tell.*  
*Storm stricken is the oak-tree*  
 Where I grew, whence I fell.  
 Changeful continually,  
*The zephyr and hurricane*  
 Since that day bid me *flee*  
 From deepest woods to the lea,  
 From highest hills to the plain.  
 Where the wind carries me  
*I go without fear or grief:*  
 I go whither each one goes;  
 Thither the leaf of the rose,  
 And thither the laurel-leaf."

# LA FEUILLE

Da ta tige détachée,  
 Pauvre feuille *desséchée*,  
 Ou vas-tu? *Je n'en sais rien.*  
*L'orage a brisé le chêne*  
 Qui seul seul était mon soutien.  
 De con inconstante *haleine*  
*Le zephyr ou l'aquilon*  
*Depuis ce jour me promène*  
 Da la forêt à la plaine  
 De la montagne au vallon.  
 Je vais où le vent me mène,  
*Sans me plaindre on m'effrayer:*  
 Je vais où va toute chose  
 Où va la feuille de rose  
 Et la feuille de laurier.

Coroborative evidence for our interesting contention may be had by comparing German translations respectively of *La*

*Feuille* and of *Imitazione*. But the English reader may be grateful to us if we subjoin for his convenience a translation, somewhat loose, of Leopardi's poem by Frederick Townsend, for comparison with Rossetti's resuscitation of the original.

#### IMITATION <sup>13</sup>

Wandering from the parent bough,  
 Little, trembling leaf,  
 Whither goest thou?  
 "From the beech where I was born,  
 By the north wind was I torn.  
 Him I follow in his flight,  
 Over mountain, over vale,  
 From the forest to the plain,  
 Up the hill, and down again,  
 With him ever on the way.  
 More than that I cannot say.  
 Where I go must all things go,  
 Gentle, simple, high and low,  
 Leaves of laurel, leaves of rose;  
 Whither, Heaven only knows!" ('87)

Now we hesitated to utilize this extraordinary instance of a peep into the translator's workshop, merely on the evidence of editions, or the explicit note even of the editor of the authorized edition. In reply to an inquiry, a valuable communication was obtained from Mr. William Michael Rossetti, which we print in an appendix. He substantiated what had been gathered from the authorized edition, but seemed somewhat alarmed at the reference in the letter of inquiry to his brother's gift of visualization.

These are days of strange doctrine. No wonder Mr. Rossetti waxed suspicious, reading the cabbalistic words "gift of visualization!" True, both he and his brother honored William Blake, but that was ere Blavatzkiism, Babism, Eddyism and popular misapplications of Psychic Research had made the atmosphere unpleasant for merely literary and disinterested mystics.

Well, if the letter which we reprint in full bears conclusive

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<sup>13</sup> *Poems of Giacomo Leopardi*. Translated by Frederick Townsend. Putnam's, 1887. Thirty-eight Poems.

testimony, there is but one theory before us; namely, that Rossetti did with Leopardi's poem just what Leopardi had done with Arnault's; this difference only obtaining, that Leopardi philosophized rather than visualized, and Rossetti visualized rather than philosophized. Consequently, in every case of change from Leopardi's poem, Rossetti returned unconsciously to Arnault's apologue; not certainly because of any supernatural persistence of the original poem, mystically suggesting itself ghostwise to the third poet; but simply because the elements Rossetti omitted were philosophic and undramatic, and those he introduced into his supposed original were dramatic and sensuously imaginative and natural to the primary conception.

Now Rossetti did not totally restore the original poem. Slight vestige remain of Leopardi in "parent," "carries me," "changeeful." "Each one goes" is an infelicity, due to the difficulty of poetically rendering "ogni altra cosa" (everything besides) which rationally particularized a little in Leopardi on the "toute chose" (everything) of the original.

Clearly Rossetti did not know the story of Arnault's poem at the time he made his translation, whatever may have been the case at some later date. For certainly he could not have credited Leopardi with furnishing him the original, had he known Arnault's poem; and much less, had he known it, could he have thought it a translation of the Italian, when he found himself persistently preferring the supposed translation to the supposed original, in every departure from the same. Turn the matter over and over again, however the reader sceptical in matters æsthetic may do, the stubborn fact remains that Rossetti *restored almost absolutely from a translation an original poem which he did not know existed*, merely because, when translating, Rossetti rendered conception by conception, not phrase by phrase; nay in fact, before he rendered any conception whatever, reconceived and recomposed and livingly reconstructed the whole in his mind, and then alone addressed himself to translating conception by conception with such liberties as the visualized whole seemed to warrant or suggest. And this we

would maintain is but a most striking exemplification of the process of true translation.<sup>13</sup>

## VI. THE MAIN CONTENTION

If the point we have endeavored to establish, for which we make no claims to original discovery, be accepted in good faith; then it will indeed be difficult to refuse acceptance of the further contention of this paper, namely: that *translation offers a pedagogical method for the teaching of literature as an art.*

It is indeed pleasant to reflect that in urging the formation of graduate schools for teaching the Art of Translation at our universities, we should be carrying out the suggestions of that first great American teacher of Literature, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, who in his *Poets and Poetry of Europe* pointed us the way to a cosmopolitan culture; and what is more, set us the brave example, seeking not originality and priority of devising, like a Poe, or a Whitman; ambitious merely of a sane large-hearted re-creation of things positively known to be beautiful; and the production, then of such things, as should bear lovely likeness to them, out of materials that offer themselves to the cultured artist on our continent, and at home in our special civilization and nation.<sup>14</sup>

Yes, the poetry of Longfellow may suffer from the limitations of his individual genius, from his involvement in an ephemeral phase of the Romantic movement, from his appearance too early in our cultivation of æsthetic self-confidence; but the gracious catholicity of his spirit, his modest avocation to the translator's self-denying but most cultivating and satisfying

<sup>13</sup> The second letter of Mr. Rossetti, in response to further more explicit inquiry, does much to support the views here expressed, and those implied as their background, although it takes issue with us, mistakenly we cannot but think, in the matter of the detail analysis of Rossetti's *Leaf*. Mr. Rossetti, however, had only a letter and not this present detailed statement before him of the three poems and their relations.

<sup>14</sup> We would not be supposed wholly unappreciative of Poe's verse technique, much less of Whitman's very important, though not clearly understood, discoveries in poetic composition. The intention is only to vindicate Longfellow from the silly charges of plagiarism, and the unfortunate but natural reaction from an enthusiastic overpraise which made a sane German critic denominate him the American Goethe!

art — these at all events, whatsoever may befall his poetic fame, are to be our inheritance forever as a people, and a compelling power unto a new birth of our American Literature.

For not to no purpose must we believe are we thus, by origin, of many nations and languages; and if America shall become in truth the cultural fulfillment of Europe's prophetic hope, she will not be a New England but a New Europe. Then the preachers and promoters of her larger National life, unto the appearance of her original seers and world-poets, will be the Translators, who make live for us, together in a social whole, the several great and noble spirits of every people, physically or spiritually ancestral to our own that is to be! Shakespeare and Milton shall have to welcome on equal terms, in this their new Empire, Dante, Molière, Goethe and a score more of their peers, "bards of passion and of mirth." And unto this consummation let the present paper be only, for aught we care — if our disallower would so phrase it—the raucous crow of a cockerel on a rail fence, in the sublime face of the vast "Rose of Dawn!"

WILLIAM NORMAN GUTHRIE.

The University of the South.

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DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI AS TRANSLATOR: TWO LETTERS

The writer of the foregoing article on Translation ventured to address Mr. Rossetti for definite and irrefutable testimony on certain points in his proposed treatment of Dante Gabriel Rossetti as a Translator. The result was two helpful letters, which being free to use as he pleased,\* he first quoted from in his text and footnotes; but upon second thought considered it fairer and more courteous to print entire, italicizing the particular parts that bear on his paper, and let the reader judge for himself, and share the writer's gratitude for Mr. Rossetti's courtesy.

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\* I have had the pleasure of receiving your letter of May 25, and I have written down, as within, a few observations bearing upon what you say. They are at your service, for any use to which you may care to put them.

Yours very faithfully,

W. M. ROSSETTI.

3 ST. EDMUND'S TERRACE.

REGENT'S PARK, N. W., May 14, 1909.

DEAR SIR: There can not be any reasonable doubt that my brother saw in an edition of Leopardi, or a selection from his works, those lines, printed as being by Leopardi, and such they were as a matter of translation; and my brother, *knowing nothing about the French original* by Arnault, *translated the lines from Leopardi's Italian*, and assigned them to Leopardi. So far as I remember, he did not at any later date ascertain the fact about Arnault.

In editions of my brother's poems, published by me with notes, the fact about Arnault is mentioned.

I am not entirely sure what is signified by my brother's gift of visualization. In this present instance the only visualization which he exercised (so far as I perceive) was that he saw and read a poem printed as being Leopardi's, and not being aware of anything to the contrary, he translated it, and brought out his translation as being done from Leopardi.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Very faithfully yours,

WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI.

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W. M. ROSSETTI'S NOTES.

A poet who is said to "visualize" a thing or an event is thereby (as I understand it) said to have before his mind's eye a clear, concrete image of the thing or event. I have not the slightest doubt that Dante Rossetti possessed and constantly exercised this faculty, and all the more so as being a painter as well as a poet. I think he must have exercised the faculty in relation to *poems which he translated just as much as in relation to poems of his own original composition*. To take an instance: When he set about translating Dante's canzone (in the *Vita Nova*) narrating his vision of the death of Beatrice, I think Rossetti must have had before his mind's eye a perfectly clear presentment of the personages and circumstances as set forth by Dante—a presentment of them not the less distinct

than when he later on undertook to show the same subject-matter in a picture. Beyond this, he must have visualized — *i. e.* realized to himself — Dante's attitude of mind and feeling in writing the canzone; but, if it is suggested that he realized to himself something developing Dante's mind and feeling beyond what is embodied in the Italian canzone, I am not prepared to adopt that view. To my thinking, it remains in the region of the uncertain and the nebulous.

Rossetti began writing original verse towards the age of six — of course, then and for some years ensuing, very childish or boyish stuff. By the age of eighteen he wrote original verse of exceptional force and artistic beauty — witness *My Sister's Sleep*, and more especially *The Blessed Damozel*. Before this age he had made some verse translations, all or most from the German: the opening books of the *Nibelungen Lied*, Bürger's *Lenore*, and (possibly before *The Blessed Damozel*), *er Arme Heinrich* (whom he called Henry the Leper). His translations from the Italian (from Dante and from poets preceding or nearly contemporaneous with him) began early; much about the same time as *The Blessed Damozel*, or before the summer of 1847. For some years ensuing, *original composition and translating proceeded pari passu*; the latter however being much the larger in quantity. After 1853, or so, he did but little translating. The translations from Villon, and the one from verses which he found in Leopardi, may have been done in 1869-70. I am quite satisfied that, when he was doing the Leopardi, he had no knowledge of any French original by Arnault; and I am unable to follow the suggestion that he in any way divined points in Arnault's poem not reproduced in Leopardi's version. I have found evidence to show, at a later date, he knew about Arnault; but this does not affect any question relating to the translation which Rossetti made.

As to "the relation between his activity as a translator and the nature of his original creation as a poet," I can say this much: In his original poetry we all, I suppose, recognize a *large amount of pictorial or picturesque coloring, and a tone of mind and of expression at once romantic and introspective*. In his translations the same qualities do unquestionably appear.

*He gets into the translations more of these qualities than he finds in the poems translated from.* I have lately had occasion to put this point to the test; for an edition has been published containing the text of those early Italian poems, along with his versions of them, and I went through the book with a good deal of pains. My primary object was to trace the instances in which he had misapprehended the sense of the Italian, or had departed very widely from an exact rendering of it; and I wrote out those details, and also noted some of the more conspicuous cases in which he had infused into the compositions a more pictorial or romantic hue. I sent my notes to the publisher of the volume, and they will, I believe, be published in it, in the event of a second edition.

Rossetti's original writings are there to speak for themselves, and any intelligent inquirer can form his own opinions as to the tone and faculties of mind traceable in them. *I don't think that in his letters, etc., he has left much that would tend to elucidate such a point.* In Hall Caine's *Recollections of D. G. Rossetti* a letter of his is quoted (p. 134), speaking of how he wrote his prose tale *Hand and Soul* in one night, and of the peculiar sensations proper to nightly composition. In his *Family-Letters* (p. 384), he says, as to a conjecture of his on an unimportant subject: "*But this is all mere mental drama.*" There is another letter of his, but I cannot at the moment remember where it is to be found, in which he speaks of "doing a deal of mental cartooning," or some such phrase.

WILLIAM M. ROSSETTI.

## THE LAST OF THE GREAT POETS

England is rich in accomplished writers of verse: Thomas Hardy, Dobson, Watson, and Kipling; or, of highest promise in a younger school, Phillips and Noyes, but none equals in power, or in volume, or in the splendor of his general achievement, the late Algernon Charles Swinburne, who sleeps to-day in the little yard of St. Boniface, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight. This one may have a sweet note, and that other the authentic touch of passion, but it was in Swinburne alone that all the qualities of poetic greatness were combined. None of his contemporaries, yet living, pursues the poetic calling with so sincere and brilliant an allegiance to the claims of absolute and unadulterated poetry. Swinburne's was a solitary preëminence unparalleled in modern letters.

It is in this regard that one thinks of him as last of the great poets of that great era which we call Victorian, when poets heads reached higher above the crowd than any now. Of them he surely was in his splendid work, while, obviously and literally, was he with them in point of time. When he was born, in London, on the fifth of April, 1837, Southey had yet six years to live, Wordsworth a baker's dozen, Moore two more than Wordsworth, and Walter Savage Landor over a quarter of a century. William Morris was three in that accession year; Christine Rossetti was seven, and her more famous brother, Dante Gabriel, nine. Tennyson was then midway through that fallow time which lay between the poems of 1830 and those of '42, and less than a month after Swinburne's appearance in the world Browning's *Stratford* was put on the stage by Macready at Covent Garden. When Swinburne, then living with the brothers Rossetti at Queen's House, Chelsea, was publishing (1860) his initial dramas of *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamund*, Mrs. Browning and Arthur Hugh Clough were yet living and writing, though each was to lay by the pen in less than a twelve-month. The *Atalanta in Calydon* appeared in types only a year later than Browning's *Dramatis Personæ*. When the *Poems and Ballads* appeared in 1866, leading not only to the author's "discovery" but to his de-

nunciation as well, Matthew Arnold's *Thyrsis* had not yet been published, nor had Morris's *Earthly Paradise* yet come to charm with its golden haze of the long-ago recalled, and the "stained-glass poetry" of Rossetti was still four years away.

With peculiar truth, then, was Swinburne to be considered as a last link with a passing period of English literature; William Rossetti, brother to Dante, still lives, to be sure, and Hall Caine, who has just been telling of his youthful associations with greater men; but none of these was so essentially a part of that era of yesterday; none so truly the equal of that era's leaders of British letters, as was this just-passed singer. The man's whole-hearted worship of material beauty, which once led De Maupassant to say of him that he was "the most extravagantly artistic temperament of our time," allied him closely with those Pre-Raphaelites with whom for years he lived and worked; and writes him down lineally descended from John Keats himself.

Again, like a notable few of his mighty forebears, Swinburne "looked the part" of poet—as had Scott and Wordsworth, Byron and Shelley and Keats, or, in his own day, Tennyson and Browning. The high forehead, the deep-set, violet-blue eyes, at once "intense" and intellectual, the "wheaten" beard, the refined, slight figure, all contributed to give him the air of one set apart; only the furrowed face and the bald head betokened in the closing years that he had turned three score and ten. Born of an admiral father and a mother sprung from the long line of Ashburnham's Earls, to his finger tips he looked the aristocrat he was—an aristocrat with socialistic tendencies strongly marked, a born "member of the opposition;" an aristocratic Bohemian, a downright Pagan. His was the *cachet* due his family and easy means, Eton and Oxford; with travel on the Continent for a time after school days, with Rossetti and Burn-Jones met at Balliol, and then Europe again (not "stopping" long enough at the ancient university on the Isis to get his degree), with some months spent with Landor in his retirement at Fiesol—"the youngest English poet visiting the oldest" and frankly worshipping at his shrine. It is interesting to recall in connection with the Oxford days that he, with James Bryce, now British Ambassador at Washington; the

late Birbeck Hill, to-day famous as a Johnsonian; and the essayist Pater; formed one of the many little "mutual improvement societies" which, in the mid-century, flourished in the English universities. Mr. Bryce has just been telling how that particular little group first heard the verse of Browning read aloud by Algernon Swinburne.

It is amusing to us of to-day, hardened as we are to a worse-than-Jacobean fiction by certain recent outrages in book form, to read of the storm of criticism which greeted the *Poems and Ballads* of 1866; the first two cantos of the *Childe Harold* had made no greater stir than this slim volume. Luxuriance of phrase, passion, honest sensuousness in the praise of physical beauty, these were traits to be found from cover to cover, in such verses as—

O lips that mine have grown into  
Like April's kissing May.  
O fervent eyelids letting through  
Those eyes the greenest of things blue  
The bluest of things grey.

If you were I and I were you  
How could I love you, say?  
How could the rose-leaf love the rue,  
The day love nightfall and her dew,  
Though night may love the day?

But such true criticisms were wholly inadequate to the result, for all moral England sat up and howled. One Pharisee who had bought an Academy picture which happened to include a cat which Swinburne was said to have much admired, promptly had the animal painted out of the canvas. It is said that Tennyson compelled Moxon, who had issued the green-clad first edition of the book, to withdraw it, threatening otherwise to change his publisher, which sounds apocryphal, though it is certain that the second edition bore the imprint of Camden Hotten. Even Rossetti sprang his famous jest: "There is no doubt as to *poeta nascitur* in Swinburne's case, but unfortunately he is *non fit* for publication." Now it all seems hollow enough. We have forgiven the fiery lyrics of the "fleshy school" of love; have forgotten his rhymed libations to those

arrayed against thrones and priestcraft, his rhapsodies on nihilism — such as barred him from the laurate's bays and sack of good canary when Tennyson died in 1892. He stands to-day a poet of the first rank, an incomparable master of technique, a triumphant leader against the tyranny of conventional forms, the "Wagner of poetic music." His place is sure, and it is a great place. As Professor Woodberry has written:

"Liberty, melody, passion, faith, nature, love, and fame, are the seven chords which the poet's hand, from the first touch upon the lyre, has swept now for two score years with music that has blown through the world."

Amid the outcries of that generation-old attack were heard the voices of two American critics, valuing the true poetic worth which lay behind the youthful expressions: Richard Grant White and Edmund Clarence Stedman. A year earlier the latter had greeted the *Atalanta in Calydon* as "the auroral light of a new star rising above the horizon," setting the poem, all in all, by the side of Shelley's *Prometheus Unbound*, and claiming for it real superiority in melody. It was Stedman who pointed out that the opening invocation to the moon, beginning "Maiden and mistress of the months and stars," is as fine as anything in English dramatic verse and that the lyrical chorus commencing "When the hounds of Spring are on Winter's traces" is as perfect in metrical invention as anything all literature has to show. The *Atalanta*, though it made no least "hit" the year of its appearing, still stands the foremost item in its author's poetic aggregate; a tragedy on the severest lines of the old Greek model, built round the characteristically Grecian theme of fatalism, reproducing the antique absolutely, with choral lyrics unsurpassed in any language:

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair  
Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;  
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
Her bright breast shortening into sighs;  
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,  
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves  
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare  
The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

Small wonder that Alfred Tennyson, who had received a copy of the drama from the young man who had visited him at Farringford, half a dozen years earlier, should have written to congratulate him on its "strength and splendor," and to describe it as one of the finest pieces of work he had read for years.

The one note lacking in the splendid gamut sounded by the *Atalanta*—the note of human feeling, of "the universal heart,"—was struck in the *Chastelard*, which appeared in that same year of 1865. Swinburne's three poetic dramas encircling the tragic history of the Queen of Scots—*Chastelard* (1865), *Bothwell* (1874) and *Marie Stuart* (1881); a labor of true love extended over sixteen years—show real dramatic worth and high scholarship (as was only to have been expected, however, since "A. C. S." wrote the *Brittanica* article on "the royal lady more sinned against than sinning"), but they are especially strong in delineation of character, essentially warm in their feeling appreciation of human nature. Time was when the poet's detractors had no word for the *Bothwell*, for instance, but to call it merely the longest thing in English dramatic verse, but such criticism is not of to-day, when Stedman has placed the trilogy in the forefront of English dramatic verse, while William Morton Payne goes yet farther in ranking it as the finest contribution to dramatic poetry since Elizabethan times, *The Cenci* only being excepted. More and more is Swinburne's immense skill, if not actual genius, in such verse now appreciated; the *Erichtheus* is as purely Greek as the *Samson Agonistes*, the *Marino Faliero* surpasses Byron's play on the same subject at every point, and if the *Lochrine* falls below this level, yet is it recognized as one of the most remarkable pieces of verse-weaving in all English. Even at the close the master's cunning was not lost, as appeared only the other day when, at seventy-one, he gave the world his *Duke of Gandia*, a Borgia story of the empurpled Cæsar and the now almost perennial Lucretia. Its four brief acts formed only a small mercy, but it bore the authentic stamp of all the man's old command of his craft; no poet was more competent than he to portray such a welter of

elemental passions. As a brief instance of what could flow from the pen of this septuagenarian, take these few stately lines wherein the noble assassin preaches that sublime Paganism which the Pope of the day had practiced:

I and thou,  
One, will set hand as never God hath set  
To the Empire and this steerage of the world.  
Do thou forget but him who is dead, and was  
Naught, and bethink thee what a world to wield  
The Eternal God hath given into thine hands,  
Which daily mould him out of bread, and give  
His kneaded flesh to feed on. Thou and I  
Will make this rent and ruinous Italy  
One. Ours it shall be, body and soul, and great,  
Above all power and glory given to God,  
To them that died to set thee where thou art —  
Throned on the dust of Cæsar and of Christ,  
Imperial. Earth shall quail again, and rise  
Again the higher because she trembled. Rome  
So bade it be; it was, and shall be.

There is here no least hint of senility. To his final illness Swinburne was wholly alive, walking far and fast, swimming much and well, loving Dickens warmly. "I think he is the happiest creature under Heaven," wrote Harold Begbie of him not long ago. "He is a boy, the eternal child, nothing can make him *blasé*, or dull the edge of his appetite of pure enjoyment. He lives every second of his life, fully, resolutely, merrily, blithely." Practically every morning up to his seventy-second birthday, the poet would start out from "The Pines" at Putney, just to the west of great, grey London, where for years he had dwelt with Theodore Watts-Dunton, the critic, and tramp across Wimbledon Common to a certain wayside inn, where he would drink leisurely a large bass and talk brilliantly of the events of the local day with the foregathered representatives of the countryside. At such moments he was democracy personified, but let the newspaper reporter rise above his horizon and the unget-at-able aristocrat at once appeared. One interviewer, who had waylaid him on the Common and had walked some distance beside him, plying him with unanswered questions, suddenly heard "Young man, I see

by your lips you're talking to me, but you're quite wasting your time; I am stone deaf."

Swinburne's long life was a full one. Thirty-nine titles stand to his credit, including those glorious *Songs of Italy* and *Before Sunrise* in both of which he sounded so strongly his note of praise for Italy's struggle for liberty; and those wholly charming poetic narratives of *Tristram of Lyonesse*, and *The Tale of Balen*. Not one of these, however, nor the *Sienna*, nor *A Channel Passage*, nor the *Songs of Two Nations*, nor the poetic trifling of *A Modern Heptalogia*, sways a reader as will so readily the verse which came from Byron or Wordsworth or Tennyson. The reason for this cannot be that the man was self-withdrawn from his fellows, for so were the two laureates just named. One reason may be that Swinburne's poetry contains few lines distinguished by their concentration of phrase; no poet is more difficult to quote. The expensive formats, too, in which his work was issued, unquestionably militated against his wide acceptance. But a third reason has been given which seems most apt to be the true one; his subject matter is too intellectual, he too seldom strikes the note of genuine sympathies. These sentences of H. V. Sutherland, appearing in his introduction to an edition of some of Swinburne's shorter poems, put out in this country in 1900, seem to sum up the matter:

"Swinburne is by no means an idol in England. This inability to charm the great reading public is not difficult of comprehension. To begin with, he has not the excessive Britishness, the extreme love of his own country, the absolute belief in its present and its future, all coupled with an inherent and unswerving reliance in an established church that nurtured the well regulated muse of Tennyson. He is not conspicuous by any such unquestioning faith in God and impregnable assurance of the progress of the human race, or by any wonderful sympathy with men and women, with their joys and with their sorrows, such as draws thousands to Robert Browning in spite of his often labored utterance."

If Swinburne seldom strikes the chords of domestic affections, if he seldom speaks to humanity in its everyday moods, yet has he nobly contributed to that verse literature which

hymns human liberties, and to that even greater literature whose text is youth. As to his "marines," Byron himself, in his glorious paeans to the might and majesty of old ocean, has been surpassed in kind by Swinburne — by his *A Forsaken Garden* and that whole group called *By the North Sea*. Writing but the other day of this side of the poet's make-up, a Canadian friend of his says:

"He knew and loved the sea in many ways; as a lusty swimmer, triumphantly conscious of delight in another element more intimate and wonderful than earth or air; as an old dog of a sea captain who all his days has chanced its tempests, and to whom withal it has been tender; as a worshipper of the fair Aphrodite, who was 'the deep seas' daughter;' as a painter casting aside his palette in despair of its elusive hues; as a mystic, to whom its waves typify the 'from everlasting to everlasting' of the human soul; as a patriot, to whom the sea signifies the imperial greatness of his country; as a disciple of Liberty, to whom the unconquered and unconquerable ocean is the type and emblem of freedom. In all these ways — and in others too subtly intimate for our apprehension — did Swinburne know and love the sea, and of this knowledge was begot his incomparable verses in praise of 'That Old Mother.'"

For such true gifts to poetry as are these,—gifts to our thought of youth, our aspirations for liberty, our mind-pictures of the mighty sea — Swinburne will be long remembered, but his clearest title to literary immortality will lie in the variety and finish of his rhythms, in his melody, in his linguistic mastery. He it was who released the heroic couplet from the dead hand of Pope, and made of it again the winged creature it was meant to be. He added new harmonies to the technique of blank verse, and developed the devices of repetition and alliteration into a splendid system of orchestration. His vocabulary is almost inexhaustible, his range of form is practically limitless, his store of poetic figures seems measureless. Turn again, for proof, to the *Ave atque Vale*, wherein there sounds an elegiac note not far below that of *Thyrsis* and *Adonais*, or take those few, much-quoted lines, which will be found in all the anthologies a century hence:

And the high gods took in hand  
Fire, and the falling of tears,

And a measure of sliding sand  
From under the feet of the years;  
And froth and drift of the sea;  
And dust of the labouring earth;  
And bodies of things to be  
In the houses of death and birth;  
And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
And fashioned with loathing and love,  
With life before and after  
And death beneath and above,  
For a day and a night and a morrow,  
That his strength might endure for a span  
With travail and heavy sorrow,  
The holy spirit of man.

Shelley (between whom and Swinburne an interestingly close parallel might readily be drawn) of all British poets stood most closely to such work as this, yet not even Shelley fully equalled in such regard the achievement of the later writer. When Tennyson said of Swinburne, "He is a reed through which all things blow into music" he said the one truest thing of this unlaureled laureate — compressed to a single clinging phrase the fact which has written the name of Swinburne large and high upon the glowing page of nineteenth century letters.

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## SYLVAN STOKE POGIS

There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the year,  
By Hands unseen are showers of violets found;  
The Red-breast loves to build and warble there,  
And little Foot-steps lightly print the ground.

The foot-path which leads across the fields from Slough to Stoke Pogis is an ideal approach for one who journeys thither—a pilgrim to Gray's shrine. For the pastoral scenes, lying all about one's way in greenery and loveliness with their delicious meadow-scents and soothing sounds, attune one's spirit to "the sacred calm" which pervades the sylvan parish immortalized by Gray's name.

The poet's association with Stoke Pogis has been too much restricted to "the church-yard." There he is supposed by many to have written his most beloved poem. There he reposes "in his narrow cell." Those two facts have contented the multitude. Nor is it strange. For, while many writers have well-nigh exhausted their powers of description to show—what is, after all, self-evident—that the church and cemetery at Stoke were in the poet's thoughts when he composed his far-famed "Elegy, Written in a Country Church-yard," few have seemed particularly interested in Stoke Pogis as Gray's home, endeared to him by intimate experiences, or as that spot in England more closely associated than any other with his poetic activity. Yet the hamlet is endeared to lovers of poetry by all those facts. As the country sights and sounds about Horton live forever in Milton's verse; as Stratford-upon-Avon enjoys eternal fame as the home of the world's greatest poet, whose remains she has the honor to hold enshrined, so Stoke Pogis is inseparably associated with Gray.

The village is situated in beautiful Buckinghamshire four miles north of the Thames at Eton. It is scattered over a wide extent of country, approaching toward the north-west the parish boundaries of Burnham. It commands toward the south that extended view of the Thames Valley, with the spires and towers of Eton in the distance, and of Windsor Castle on its height, which Gray describes with such pathos and beauty in

his Eton ode; called in his Manuscript "Ode on a Distant Prospect of Windsor and the Adjacent Country."

All that region was familiar to Gray from childhood. His mother, who was before her marriage Miss Dorothy Antrobus of Buckinghamshire, kept in constant touch with the place through an affectionate intercourse with members of her family, who continued to reside in that county. Her sister Anna, wife of Mr. Jonathan Rogers, a country barrister, lived in West-End House, which became afterwards famous as Gray's home at Stoke Pogis. Her two brothers, Robert and Thomas Antrobus were settled at Burnham.

At the latter place Gray laid the foundation in childhood for his distinguished achievement in Natural History, when he used to stay for long periods at a time with his uncle Robert, who taught him botany. One may reasonably suppose that he was accustomed to enjoy his freedom there during holiday intervals, while a pupil at Eton. But several years have elapsed, school-days at Eton have ended, when we see him again at Burnham, a grave, young Cambridge student, just come into the country during his vacation in September, 1737. How he is spending his time there, we learn from his letter to Horace Walpole. After an inimitable sketch of his uncle, a typical Eighteenth Century country gentleman, who holds him "mighty cheap" for walking when he should ride and reading when he should hunt, the satirical nephew continues:

"My comfort amidst all this is that I have at the distance of half a mile, through a green lane, a forest (the vulgar call it a common) all my own. It is a little chaos of mountains and precipices; mountains, it is true, that do not ascend much above the clouds, nor are the declivities quite so amazing as Dover Cliff; but just such hills as people, who love their necks as I do may venture to climb, and crags that give the eye as much pleasure as if they were dangerous: Both vale and hill are covered with most venerable beeches . . . that like most other ancient people are always dreaming out their old stories to the winds."

Then follows this picture of himself in happy seclusion among the Burnham Beeches:

"At the foot of one of these squats me, I (*Il Penseroso*) and there grow to the trunk for a whole morning. The timorous hare and sportive squirrel gambol around me like Adam in Paradise before he had an Eve; but I think he did not use to read Virgil as I commonly do there."

The Burnham Beeches were, also, within easy reach from West-End House, which was situated in the Northern part of Stoke Parish near Stoke Common.

"Everything in this part of the country," wrote Mr. Jesse, many years ago, "serves to remind us, of Gray; . . . we see 'the twitt'ring swallows' and 'the lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea;' we hear the drowsy tinklings of the folded sheep, so different from the sounds, which are made, while they are feeding."

One likes to think of the simple two-story house in the green lane with its rustic porch and pleasant garden, where the poet used to observe in the beautiful landscape about him those details and circumstances of rural life, which he reveals with such truth in his poems. Where can one find in literature a clearer picture than that of the laborer's return at evening? It is rivalled only by Burns' companion-picture, undoubtedly inspired by this, of the cotter's:

. . . wee-bit ingle, blinkin' bonnillie;  
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's smile,  
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee

Which makes him quite forget his labor and his toil.

But Gray reveals not only picturesque features of the landscape, and glimpses of life in Stoke Parish, but he gives us, also, the best idea of his own liesure there. Who reads,

. . . at the foot of yonder nodding beech  
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,  
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch —

without recalling the Burnham Beeches and Gray's account of mornings spent among them?

May not there have lingered in the mind of "some hoary-headed swain" memories of the famous poet in his "once loved haunt," wandering at sunset along the margin of the wood,

Oft as the wood-lark piped her farewell song?

or

. . . at the peep of dawn  
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away  
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn?

This last picture, together with the lines which follow, always bring to my mind that statement of Mr. Cole, when relating the melancholy circumstances of Gray's last hours: "He desired to be buried *early in the morning* at Stoke Pogis." That last request reveals much concerning the poet's intimate love for this rustic village, and makes the concluding stanzas of his "Elegy" a prophecy, as it were, against his own burial.

West-End Cottage is no longer standing in the romantic spot near Stoke Common, nor is there much left about the place, which a pretentious residence now usurps, to remind us of Gray. But one may still enjoy the far-reaching landscape, and experience, too, that delight reserved for the poetic pilgrim, as, in the midst of scenes Gray loved and celebrated in imperishable verse, one wanders through the green lane and thence along the meadow path to the church-yard gate.

Here one imagines that, with the exception of modern tombstones, the scene appeared in Gray's time much the same as now. There must have been the same stillness and seclusion. And the bits of description in Gray's exquisite elegy are easily identified to-day: there "beneath the venerable yew-trees' shade . . . heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap;" "the rugged elms" stand there near the church-yard wall; and there is the tower mantled in ivy. The lovely, sequestered spot is, moreover, in perfect harmony with the *mood* of that poem, which affects the sensitive ear as a solemn melody perfectly sustained to its close, throughout which one hears in recurrent minor strain

The still, sad music of humanity  
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power  
To chasten and subdue.

Where Stoke Park, that handsome, white building, is now seen across the meadows to the left, as one faces the church from the south, there was in Gray's time only a stretch of the

richly wooded park belonging to Stoke Manor. In 1789, when the property was purchased by the Hon. Thomas Penn from the heirs of Gray's friend, Lady Cobham, that modern structure was erected about two hundred yards from the ancient Manor, of which there now remains little more than some chimneys, discernible through the thick foliage on the right-hand and behind the church.

Stoke manor has been attended throughout the centuries with an interesting history. "It is first mentioned," says Mr. Gosse, "in a deed of 1291." But country historians date its existence from an earlier time, when Amicia de Stoke, an heiress, brought the manor in marriage to Robert Pogis; from which union the village derives its name. Their granddaughter and heir was married to Sir John de Molyns, one of Edward III's courtiers, who built the picturesque church at Stoke about 1340. Subsequently, through a number of eminent personages, the manor descended to the family of Hastings, Earls of Huntingdon, one of whom built, early in Queen Elizabeth's reign, the ancient Manor House mentioned above, which became famous as the country-seat of those illustrious nobles. "When the Huntingdons broke," to use Gray's phrase, the property reverted to the crown; but, afterwards, Stoke House transcended even its former splendor as a possession of the Hattons. There, it is said, Queen Elizabeth's Lord Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton, who was "preferred by the Queen for his graceful Person and fine Dancing," used to play a conspicuous part in splendid festivities. Thus, Gray represents him as leading the fashionable figure-dances popular in that age:

Full oft within the spacious walls,  
When he had fifty winters o'er him,  
My grave Lord-Keeper led the brawls  
The Seals and Maces danc'd before him.

His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,  
His high-crown'd hat, and satin doublet,  
Mov'd the stout heart of England's Queen  
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it.

The widow of "my grave Lord-Keeper's" nephew and heir

was married to celebrated Sir Edward Coke, who seems to have rivalled even the Earl of Leicester's magnificence at Kenilworth in the regal sumptuousness with which he entertained Queen Elizabeth at Stoke House.

That historic seat is described by one who lived during its existence, as a fine brick mansion with high gables, projecting wings, and deeply embayed windows and oriels, which occupied a sheltered situation in the midst of a fine park. "The deep color of the bricks," continues that writer, "standing out from the bright foliage of the stately old trees, with which the house is surrounded, tends to produce a most striking and picturesque effect." This description corresponds accurately to an engraving of Stoke Manor House among the illustrations made by Richard Bentley in 1753, at the request of Horace Walpole for "Six Poems by Mr. T. Gray." If we may trust that representation, the mansion was in Gray's time a beautiful specimen of Elizabethan architecture in perfect preservation.

It was occupied when Stoke Pogis became Mrs. Gray's home in 1742, by the Ranger of Windsor Forest, Viscount Cobham. And, though his lordship died in 1749, the viscountess continued to reside at Stoke House, where she met Gray under the rather strange circumstances of which the poet gives a lively and humorous description in his poem inspired by that occurrence called, *A Long Story*. This led to the warm friendship between himself and Lady Cobham, and to his intimacy with her niece, Harriet Speed. Thus, Stoke's ancient and historic Manor House gained an additional distinction as the home of Gray's friend, and as the scene of the one "feeble and shadowy romance of his life."

But the Cobhams were strangers to Gray, when, almost immediately upon his arrival at Stoke Pogis in the last days of May, 1742, he composed his first English poem, the *Ode on the Spring*. He entitled it then Noon-tide an Ode," and sent it forthwith, to Richard West, who was ill in Hertfordshire. The letter was returned unopened. He learned from some indirect source that West had died on the first day of June. So, that summer, which is memorable as the first and most prolific period of Gray's poetic career, is inseparably asso-

ciated with that friend, in whose death the poet seemed always "to feel the affliction of a recent loss."

Under the influence of poignant grief he composed, in memory of West, some Latin hexameters, which Mason praised as "a sublime apostrophe . . . written in the genuine strain of classical majesty," and, also, a beautiful sonnet after the manner of Petrarch. The manuscript of the latter poem is dated: "At Stoke, Aug. 1742." In the same month and also at Stoke, he wrote his *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton* and his superb *Hymn to Adversity*. Upon the sadness pervading Gray's works of this period, Mr. Mason has an excellent observation. Speaking of West's death, he says, "It will . . . throw a melancholy grace on the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* and on that to *Adversity*; both of them written in the August following; for as both of these poems abound with pathos, those who have feeling hearts will feel this excellence the more strongly, when they know the cause whence it arose; and the unfeeling will, perhaps, learn to respect what they cannot taste, when they are prevented from imputing to a splenetic melancholy, what, in fact, sprang from the most benevolent of all sensations."

Gray began his world-renowned *Elegy* at Stoke Pogis in the autumn of 1742, perhaps immediately after the death of his uncle, Mr. Rogers. Then he appears to have ceased abruptly and decisively all efforts at poetic composition. Not until the winter of 1749, and again in response to the severe stimulus of grief caused by the death of his aunt, Miss Antrobus, did he resume work on that poem. And, on June the twelfth in the next year, he transmitted it with the following note to Horace Walpole:

I have been here at Stoke a few days (where I shall continue good part of the summer), and having put an end to a thing, whose beginning you have seen long ago, I immediately send it to you. You will, I hope, look upon it in the light of a thing with an end to it; a merit that most of my writings have wanted and are like to want.

Is it not interesting to consider now the unconcernedness and modesty with which he submitted a poem of such enduring

fame to his friend? One can easily understand why, in spite of their marked dissimilarity in temperament and tastes, Lord Orford valued Gray so much; and said to him on one occasion, "You must not wonder, if I am partial to you and yours, when you can write as you do, and yet feel so little vanity."

Everyone knows how his immense enthusiasm for Gray's *Elegy* led him to circulate the manuscript among his friends of the first fashion in England; how Lady Cobham, having read it, conceived a violent desire to meet the poet, who — so unobtrusive was he — had lived for several years unknown to herself, in her own parish; how the Rev. Mr. Pult made that fact known to her ladyship; but having so slight an acquaintance with the poet, could not effect the introduction. How the "grande dame" took matters into her own hands and sent her guest, Lady Schaub, who knew Gray's friend, Lady Brown, with Harriet Speed to call upon him.

One sees "in the mind's eye" the lively heroines issue forth, . . . "rustling in their silks and tissues." One follows, as "Thro' lanes unknown, o'er stiles they venture," and finally reach romantic West-End Cottage. One looks in upon the parlor scene, while the fine ladies converse with the poet's mother and aunt; observes their disappointment over not finding Mr. Gray at home; and the glee, with which before departing they leave "a spell upon the table" in the potent charm of this little note: "Lady Schaub's compliments to Mr. Gray; she is sorry not to have found him at home, to tell him that Lady Brown is very well."

Mr. Gray could not do else than return their call.

So cunning was the apparatus,  
The powerful pot-hooks did so move him,  
That will he, nill he to the great house  
He went as if the devil drove him.

Then he was invited to dinner; other civilities followed; and all led to the beautiful result of a warm friendship established.

Not only was Stoke Pogis associated thus with Gray's life and works; but it was also endeared to him as his mother's home. How complete his devotion to her, these words to Norton Nicholls years after her death reveal:

. . . . in one's whole life one can never have more than a single mother. You may think that is obvious and (what you call) a trite observation. . . . I was at the same age . . . as wise as you and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late.

In March, 1753, he laid her to rest in the grave with her sister at Stoke Pogis, and placed upon her tomb an epitaph, so exquisite in its tender simplicity and pathos as to touch the heart even of the most apathetic:

In the same pious confidence, beside her friend and sister,  
here sleep the remains of Dorothy Gray, widow, the careful,  
tender mother of many children, one of whom alone had the  
misfortune to survive her.

During subsequent visits to West-End Cottage, Gray's life was more than usually monotonous. The summer weeks' routine was varied only by stately calls at Stoke House, and by frequent flights to Strawberry Hill. Yet those dull years are notable as the period during which he composed and gave to the world his Pindaric Odes. No one knows whether he wrote those poems at Stoke Pogis, but it was certainly there that the outburst of wonder, bewilderment, admiration, complaints of obscurity, mingled with "a golden shower of panegyric" came to him from the world, when the volume was issued in August 1757, from Walpole's press at Strawberry Hill. It achieved a great success, thirteen hundred copies being sold within two months. "Gray became a kind of lion."

Meanwhile, the Cobbhams are "as civil as usual. Miss Speed seems to understand," Gray confides mysteriously to Dr. Wharton.

"There was mention, several pages back," I think I hear some one saying, "of this poet's love-affair at Stoke Pogis." Upon minute examination of evidence, I find only the suggestion of what might have been a pretty romance. That Viscountess Cobham wished Mr. Gray to marry her niece, upon whom she settled the family fortune, I feel quite sure. That Miss Speed would have accepted him, if he could have induced himself to make the offer, I think there is little doubt. "The world said," Gray confessed, frankly, "that we were to be

married." We know that Lady Cobbham summoned him, during her last illness, to Stoke Pogis, where he remained "about three weeks." And, when she was obliged to go to London for advice, he returned with her, and remained some time "by her desire in the house with her in Hanover Square." But, just as soon as duty and civility allowed him, the obdurate genius ran away to his lodgings in Bloomsbury, and became submerged again in manuscripts at the British Museum. And, yet there seems to have been some sort of understanding between him and Miss Speed. There are vague hints of their having been associated in the same plans; of dependence in a way upon each other. They went together in the summer following Lady Cobbham's death, to a country place near Henley in Oxfordshire, where they spent several weeks in company with Lady Ailesbury, Horace Walpole's cousin, and Lady Carlisle. This is Gray's comment on the projected plan: ". . . for three weeks I have been going into Oxfordshire with Madam Speed; but her affairs, as she says, or her vagaries, as I say, have obliged her to alter her mind ten times within that space: no wonder, for she has got at least 30,000 pounds with a house in town, plate, jewels, china, and old Japan infinite, so that, indeed, it would be ridiculous for her to know her own mind. I, who know mine, do intend to go to Cambridge"—But, of course, he did not. He accompanied the lady into Oxfordshire, where "company and cards at home, parties by land and water abroad, and (what they call) *doing something*, that is racketing about from morning to night" . . . seem to have bored him beyond compare. On one occasion, "when they went a party to dine on a cold loaf, and pass'd the day," Walpole related with great amusement to George Montagu, on the authority of Lady Ailesbury, "Gray never opened his lips but once, and then only said, 'Yes, my lady, I believe so.'"

Nevertheless, the only approach to love poetry in all Gray's works is a sonnet written to Miss Speed, and he put an air of Geminiani to words at her request. Could the grave, fastidious recluse have been repelled by too much levity? Or, was he too hard to please? Perhaps, his inclination to marry Miss Speed,

if he were conscious of it, could not overcome his stronger inclining to moods. Whatever may have been the determinative motive in his choice of a solitary life, we feel regret when we think of her as the august Baroness de la Peyriere, Minis-tress at London, "a prodigious fine lady and a Catholick," receiving Mr. Gray in state, six years later, "with a cage of foreign birds, and a piping bull-finch at her elbow, two little dogs on a cushion in her lap, a cockatoo on her shoulder, and a strong suspicion of rouge on her cheeks." Thus the poet's shadowy romance ended. Pretty West-End Cottage, as well as Stoke's ancient and historic Manor House, passed into the possession of others; and, both the distinguished Mr. Gray and his grand friend Madam de la Peyriere spent their remaining years apart from Stoke Pogis.

But, in accordance with a direction in the poet's will, he was brought here after death, attended by his friend and executor, Dr. James Brown, who saw him laid beside his mother in the vault just outside the east end of the church, opposite the east window of Hastings Chapel.

With what reverence does one stand beside his tomb! With what enthusiasm may one muse upon the life of the accomplished Gray, who, though the most learned man in Europe, and endowed with rarest gifts, yet placed most value upon seriousness and character; who, though living in an age eminently skeptical, was simply and unaffectedly religious; and, in the midst of a frivolous, nay, a corrupt social and political condition, never throughout his life wavered in his adherence to the best things! "Ability, talents, genius, the highest acquisitions of science and knowledge, were in his opinion," says the Rev. Norton Nicholls, "of little account compared with *virtue*, which he often used to quote to me from Plato, is nothing but 'the exercise of right reason.'"

Softly, reverently one lingers about his grave. And one reflects with joy upon his possession of so fitting a mausoleum as this sequestered church-yard, where every influence breathes the message embodied in his matchless lines:

Hark! how the sacred calm that breathes around,  
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease;  
In still, small accents whispering from the ground,  
A grateful earnest of eternal peace.

MYRTIS JARRELL.

Washington, D. C.

## SENTIMENTALISM IN SHAKESPEARE — AND ELSEWHERE

I have little doubt that most persons who have not reflected much on the subject would expect to find one of the most fruitful of Shakespearean plays for the study of sentimentalism to be *Romeo and Juliet*.

O that I were a glove upon that hand,  
That I might touch that cheek!

Is that not sentimental?

Give me my Romeo; and when he shall die,  
Take him and cut him out in little stars,  
And he will make the face of heaven so fine  
That all the world will be in love with night.

Is that not the maddest ecstasy of sentimentalism? Is not the whole play steeped in sentimentalism? No. *Romeo and Juliet* is a drama, not of sentimentalism, but of passion. Indeed in no play has Shakespeare marked so clearly the antithesis of the two qualities. Romeo's feeling for Rosaline before he meets Juliet is a sentimental feeling — the feeling of a young man who has discovered the luxury of bringing his emotions into play. Shakespeare has not, however, represented this indulgence of emotion as characteristic of Romeo. It is portrayed distinctly as a passing phase, and its superficial character is made more patent by the tissue of tenuous fancies and far-fetched conceits into which the would-be lover's language is woven:

Love is a smoke raised with the fume of sighs;  
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes;  
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers' tears;  
What is it else? A madness most discreet,  
A choking gall and a preserving sweet.

This is the sort of language — the language of many of the sonnets, where Shakespeare is experimenting with emotions and with the surface capacities of words — that is suited to convey the Romeo who has not yet been moved in the deeps. During the period of what he thinks is his love for Rosaline, his feel-

ings are suspended in a medium of thin and colorless conceits; but suddenly, in one great moment, at the first sight of Juliet, his whole nature is suddenly precipitated into passion. Mark the change when in the orchard of Capulet he hears the banter of the witty Mercutio:

He jests at scars who never felt a wound.

In these words there is, it seems to me, a ring as genuine, a testimony of feeling as simple and convincing as in the words of Prince Arthur's bereaved mother when she is proffered a conventional consolation by the pedantic priest:

He speaks to me that never had a son.

This is passion — no more the rolling of the sweet morsels of emotion under the tongue, but a self-abandonment and unquestioning sweep toward its object, regardless of scruples and reckless of death. And if in the love language of Juliet and her Romeo there appears to be anything extravagant, it would be a false reading to take it as the extravagance of sentimentalism: it is the extravagant wealth of the poet's imagination poured out to saturate the atmosphere with the heavy aroma of passionate and utter love.

I hope that I have now suggested what I would have understood by sentimentalism. I shall not attempt to define it, for definitions, it seems to me, are as deadly in literature as they are essential in science. But I would lay stress on the fact that in sentimentalism one of the main elements is a certain selfishness or self-indulgence of the feelings. In a person whose emotional nature is specially well developed, who is specially capable of refined feeling, the temptation to self-indulgence is particularly great. It is just this fact that makes the sentimental character so interesting. We can have conspicuous sentimentalism only in one who knows the Fine Feelings and exhibits them in his practice. The sentimentalist is apt to be artistic, poetic, graceful in his manners, most pleasing to the ladies,— of all damnable characters the hardest to damn. And let me repeat, as self-abandonment is the opposite of self-indulgence, so is passion the opposite of sentimentalism.

And so it is not in *Romeo and Juliet* that we are to look for Shakespeare's exhibition of the sentimental in human character. Nor shall we find it, I think, in any of the lovers in any of the plays. Certainly not in any of the true lovers. I shall point out presently that one of the *half* lovers *is* sentimental—a very charming character, but sentimental and therefore not true. The fact is that sentimentalism is not characteristic of true love, and it is natural that we do not find it in the lovers of that poet who is of all others the most profoundly true to life.

But there is to be found in Shakespeare one character which, I cannot but think, is the product of a deliberate and elaborate study of sentimentalism. I believe that as Shakespeare read his English history, the dim outlines and irrelevant detail of the great persons that figure in the garrulous pages of the old chronicles assumed to his piercing eye a definite contour. He explained to himself the career of a man by an hypothesis as to his character. And so, when he came to write his historical dramas, the events grew out of the characters, the characters determined the events, as naturally and inevitably as is the case with a *Hamlet* or a *Macbeth*. In no play is this more true than in *Richard II.*

The key to the character of Richard is to be found in the fatuous persistence with which he blinds himself to fact. He lives in a fool's paradise. It is an exquisite paradise of a very superior fool, yet a fool he is, for he hides his face from the realities of the world and is at length compelled to yield his throne and his life to the far less attractive and gifted Bolingbroke, who faced the facts, whose God was the God of things as they are. Shakespeare does not condemn him directly; on the contrary he portrays him with the fullest sympathy. That is Shakespeare's way. Look to the parts, and it seems that his soul can find delight in the most repulsive villain. But look to the whole, and the impartial sentence of justice is writ large on every page.

The blindness of Richard to the essential facts of the world is made manifest almost from the beginning of the play by his exaggerated sense of "the divinity that doth hedge a king." Nor

can it be objected here that such a sense of the "divine right" is to be assumed as a matter of course in the Shakespearean conception of a mediæval king. Shakespeare has made his greatest king fully conscious that the king is but a man. "I think the king is but a man," says Henry V speaking in the disguise of a common soldier; "I think the king is but a man as I am: the violet smells to him as it doth to me: all his senses have but human conditions." But Richard, the weakest of his kings, thinks not so:

Not all the water in the rough rude sea  
Can wash the balm from an annointed king:  
The breath of worldly men cannot depose  
The deputy elected by the Lord.

God for his Richard hath in heavenly pay  
A glorious angel: then if angels fight,  
Weak man must fall; for heaven still guards the right.

They who conspire against him are

Marked with a blot damned in the book of heaven.

And when he is on the verge of deposition from the throne, he goes to the extreme length of exalting himself to a place by the Saviour of the world:

. . . . . you Pilates  
Have here delivered me to my sour cross,  
And water cannot wash away your sin.

It can be seen with what keen self-consciousness Richard nourishes the sense he has of his exalted station among men. It is that on which he lives. Surely there was never a king who enjoyed kingship more. Void of all sense of responsibility, the court to him was but a stage with gorgeous scenery on which he played with applause the rôle of a star. And how well he plays it! With what true artist's joy he throws himself into the performance of a part! In pomp and pageantry and ceremony he finds delight, and directs it all with true ability and enthusiasm and taste. With what grace and imposing dignity does he preside at the trial by combat! How stately and how beautiful are his words of command while yet his right to command is undisputed! And his person, too, though it could never have inspired true awe, yet simulated majesty as

may that of a consummate actor. When he appears on the walls of Flint castle before the opposing army, York cries:

Yet looks he like a king: behold his eye,  
As bright as is the eagle's, lightens forth  
Controlling majesty. Alack, alack, for woe,  
That any harm should stain 'so fair a show!

But it is all unreal, and if he would but reflect he would himself know that it is unreal. This is manifest in the effect upon him of the dying words of his uncle, John of Gaunt, when that stern old man rebukes him for the reckless waste of his subjects' money and disregard of their rights:

And thou, a lunatic lean-witted fool,  
Presuming on an ague's privilege,  
Dar'st with thy frozen admonition  
Make pale our cheek, chasing the royal blood  
With fury from his native residence.

He is frightened, and the violence of his language is evidence that he knows the charge is true. But that knowledge he will not harbour. He is a sentimentalist, and flees for comfort to his inner paradise of injured feelings and affronted majesty.

A more pitiable exhibition of Richard's weakness is when he lands on the Welsh coast on his return from Ireland to meet Bolingbroke, who has put himself at the head of the rebellious forces. He is quite unmanned, and the spectacle is humiliating. Yet our interest in it makes us forget our contempt. If his words are unmanly, they are also feminine:

*Aum.* How brooks your grace the air,  
After your late tossing on the breaking seas?

*Rich.* Needs must I like it well! I weep for joy  
To stand upon my native kingdom once again.—  
Dear earth, I do salute thee with my hand,  
Though rebels wound thee with their horses' hoofs:  
As a long parted mother with her child  
Plays fondly with her tears and smiles in meeting,  
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my earth,  
And do thee favour with my royal hands.

Mock not my senseless conjuration, lords;  
This earth shall have a feeling, and these stones  
Prove armed soldiers, ere her native king  
Shall falter under foul rebellious arms!

This is too beautiful to call a whine, though such it is in effect. For, as has been said by Walter Pater — who of all our modern critics was perhaps the most sensitive to respond to the subtler effects of beauty and render them transmuted into his own multi-radiate prose — it has been said by Pater, that Richard "is an exquisite poet if he is nothing else, from first to last, in light and gloom alike, able to see all things poetically. . . . What a garden of words! With him, blank verse, infinitely graceful, deliberate, musical in inflexion, becomes indeed a true 'verse royal.' . . . His eloquence blends with that fatal beauty, . . . that congruous suavity of manner . . . that made people forget the darker touches of his character, but never tire of the pathetic rehearsal of his fall, the meekness of which would have seemed merely abject in a less graceful performer."

Every reader of the play must be struck with the readiness, almost willingness, with which Richard resigns himself to his fate. Why does he almost give up without resistance? The answer to this question involves what is to me the most interesting trait of sentimentalism. Alphonse Daudet describes somewhere his feelings at the death of his brother. He was merely a child at the time, but as he stood by the uncovered coffin around which were gathered the sorrow-stricken family and friends, his grief was keen. Then suddenly the thought flashed into his mind: "How fine this would be at the theatre!" *The sentimentalist makes capital out of his own sorrow.* And that is just what Richard does here. He realizes his situation as an exquisitely pathetic one, and far rather than bend his energies toward a deliverance, he intoxicates himself with the ecstasy of woe.

Where is the duke, my father, with his power?

asks Aumerle.

No matter where,

replies Richard,

Let's talk of graves, of worms, of epitaphs,  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.

For God's sake, let us sit upon the ground,  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:  
How some have been deposed, some slain in war  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,  
Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping killed,  
All murdered: for within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp.

Is it not plain that Richard is revelling in the pathos of his situation? This born actor has found a new rôle to play — a tragic rôle, and he is studying his part. A little later he has learned it better still:

I'll give my kingdom for a little grave,  
A little, little grave, an obscure grave;  
Aumerle, thou weep'st, my tender-hearted cousin! —  
. . . Shall we play the wanton with our woes,  
And make some pretty match with shedding tears?  
As thus: — to drop them still upon one place,  
Till they have fretted us a pair of graves  
Within the earth; and therein laid, there lies  
Two kinsmen digged their graves with weeping eyes.

And finally, when we come to the great deposition scene in which Richard publicly resigns the crown, we find him taking full advantage of the occasion for a striking dramatic effect. Far keener than any sense of personal humiliation is his artistic perception of the opportunity for a grand spectacular climax. If he had had any real dignity of character, he would have made himself as unobscure as possible. As it is, with all the skill and cunning of a master in the art of stagecraft, he devises the supreme effect of the last scene in which he appears upon the public stage of the world.

And if my word be sterling yet in England,  
Let it command a mirror hither straight,  
That it may show me what a face I have,  
Since it is bankrupt of his majesty.

An attendant brings in a mirror.

Give me the glass, and therein will I read. —  
No deeper wrinkles yet? Hath sorrow struck  
So many blows upon this face of mine,

And made no deeper wounds?—O flattering glass,  
 Like to my followers in prosperity,  
 Thou dost beguile me! Was this face the face  
 That like the sun did make beholders wink?  
 Was this the face that faced so many follies,  
 And was at last outfaced by Bolingbroke?  
 A brittle glory shineth in this face:  
 As brittle as the glory is the face;

*(He dashes the glass against the ground.)*

For there it is, cracked in a hundred shivers.  
 Mark, silent king, the moral of this sport:  
 How soon my sorrow hath destroyed my face.

*Bol.* The shadow of your sorrow hath destroyed  
 The shadow of your face.

*Rich.* Say that again.  
 The shadow of my sorrow? Ha! let's see:  
 'Tis very true, my grief lies all within;  
 And these external manners of lament  
 Are merely shadows to the unseen grief.

After this one is inclined to fancy that Richard's chief regret in dying was that he could not arrange the ceremonious pomp of his own funeral, and give the funeral oration. How admirably he would have served in both capacities! And yet, for all this, Richard appeals almost irresistibly to our love, and it would be doing violence to one's real feeling to dismiss him with a word of contempt.

On the uppermost floor of the National Portrait Gallery in London there is a quiet and remote little room in which one loves to linger. There hang on its walls three old portraits of the fifteenth century, painted by unknown hands. Side by side are two kings, "the earliest extant contemporary likenesses of any English sovereigns"—the deposed and the deposer, the child of weakness and the child of strength. On the opposite wall, only ten feet away, hangs the portrait of the great poet of their age, his countenance placid, benignant, wise as no English poet has since been in the combined wisdom of the world and the muses, a shade of sadness withal, yet not a sadness that perturbs his calm. And I used sometimes to fancy that I could read in the eyes of Geoffrey Chaucer fixed thus on the faces of Richard the Second and Henry the Fourth his own lines in his *Ballad to Fortune*,

But trewely, no force of thy reddour  
To him that over himself hath the maystrye.

"Hath mastery over himself!" It is easy to see in the portrait of Bolingbroke that he was a master of himself and a master of men. The hard set jaw, the heavy grizzled beard, the brow that frowns and the eye that threatens—in all this there is written determination and success. But in that stern face there is no beauty, no happiness. And from it I turned to the portrait of Richard. Graceful, stately, beautiful! The yellow locks fall richly over his royal mantle; in his mild large eyes we read a poet's dreams; about his mouth there plays a faint smile which seems to tell us that he knows he is a king. Alas! a king of shadows; no king for the 'rack of this tough world.' Sweet, beautiful, winning; but weak, ineffectual. Poor, deluded, petted child among the kings of the earth! Can we resist the pathos of the appeal in that face when we know the pathos of his end? The deepest love of woman, we know, he could not have inspired, no, not even in his tender-hearted queen. But as we look for the last time upon that face, we hear again her words of yearning and pity when the fallen king comes to bid his last farewell:

But soft, but see, or rather do not see  
My fair rose wither: yet look up, behold,  
That you in pity may dissolve to dew,  
And wash him fresh again with true love tears.

And we almost feel that we, too, should have uttered her parting cry:

Then whither he goes, thither let me go!

The next sentimental character of Shakespeare to which I wish to refer is Duke Orsino in *Twelfth Night*. He is the half-lover to whom I have already alluded, and a very charming man he is. Viola, poor girl, was fascinated by him from the first, though because she had to serve him in the disguise of a page, she could not tell her love,

But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud  
Feed on her damask cheek.

But my chief interest in Orsino lies in the fact that he is an excellent type of the lighter kind of artistic temperament.

And this brings us to the interesting question of the relation between the artistic temperament and sentimentalism. Is a man of this temperament necessarily sentimental? Clearly he is in danger of becoming so, for he finds his greatest pleasure in dealing with emotions. He is at home among them, and plays upon them as a musician does upon his instrument, and, like the musician, constantly finds new effects to delight him. In a word, he finds deep interest in emotions *for their own sake*, entirely apart from the consequences to which they may lead. But the artistic temperament is not necessarily sentimental. It is possible to find great pleasure in the cult and study of emotion without indulging this pleasure to a disastrous extent. For example, an arch coquette may eventually make an excellent wife. Above all the *artist* — that is a man of the artistic temperament who actually gets it embodied in a picture or a symphony or a poem — cannot be essentially sentimental, for sentimentalism is excluded by the very conditions of his success. The mastery of a technique, the forming and execution of a design of a work of art, call for qualities of character as strenuous as any Mr. Roosevelt could desire.

But Orinso *is* sentimental. He is not an artist; he is a dilettante. He spends his time in charming dalliance with love, but he never really loves. The clown reads him at once:

Now the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy  
doublet of changeable taffeta; for thy mind is a very opal!

And it is not hard to detect the essential unreality of his feeling in the opening words of the play:

If music be the food of love, play on;  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken and so die.  
That strain again! It had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet south,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor! — Enough, no more:  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

Music is to Orsino, as to many sentimental natures, a necessary stimulant to set in motion the train of his delicious feelings; particularly sad music:

Now, good Cæsario, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night;  
Methought it did relieve my passion much,  
More than light airs and recollected terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.

Mark it, Cæsario, it is old and plain:  
The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones  
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,  
And dallies with the innocence of love.

But that Orsino is really incapable of a passion is certain from the issue of the action. Immediately after the most extravagant protests of his love for Olivia, he willingly and gracefully accepts Viola for his wife. What sort of a husband he made Shakespeare does not say, but I imagine he could have given a shrewd conjecture.

Now let us turn for a moment to a character which illustrates sentimentalism as the leading characteristic of a race. For in his portrayal of Glendower, the Welshman, in *Henry IV*, I am very sure that Shakespeare had distinctly in mind the leading traits of the Celtic temperament. He makes this the more conspicuous by bringing him into a sharp encounter with a marked type of the Anglo-Saxon, Hotspur. He opposes the dreamer and the mystic to the impetuous practical man.

*Glen.* . . . . at my nativity  
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,  
Of burning cressets; and at my birth  
The frame and huge foundation of the earth  
Shaked like a coward.

*Hots.* Why so it would have done at the same season, if your  
mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never  
been born.

*Glen.* I say the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hots.* And I say the earth was not of my mind,  
If you suppose that fearing you it shook.

*Glen.* I can call spirits from the vasty deep.

*Hots.* Why, so can I, or so can any man;  
But will they come when you do call for them?

Notice, too, Glendower's love of music and poetry:

Being but young, I framed to the harp  
Many an English ditty lovely well,  
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament.

And in his interpretation of his daughter's words to her betrothed, who is ignorant of Welsh, there is just that note of *magic* which Matthew Arnold so plausibly argues to have been contributed to English poetry by the Celtic element in English blood:

She bids you on the wanton rushes lay you down  
And rest your gentle head upon her lap,  
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,  
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,  
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness.

And those musicians that shall play to you  
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,  
And straight they shall be here.

I know of no place in which the Celtic temperament is better rendered than in this short scene — its magic, its mysticism, its aversion to commonplace reality, its "readiness," as Matthew Arnold puts it, "to react against the despotism of fact" — in a word, its sentimentalism. But it is sentimentalism in its most attractive form. Who does not have a certain tenderness for the Celt? Is it not the strain of Celtic blood in his veins that gives to the Frenchman that one decisive charm of his many charms — his *gaiety* — that makes him so hard to resist? And then the Irishman, who is all Celt? Perhaps one will deny poetic charm to the Irish cook or Irish policeman whom we all know so familiarly. And yet is there not something in the sons and daughters of Erin that is very "taking?" Do not many of us find relief from our merely practical life in the humour, the impulsiveness, the gleams of genius in the Irish whom we know?

But the sentimentalism of the Celt which gives him his charm, is responsible for his failure. "Ever ready to react against the despotism of fact," his history has been one continuous yielding to the more powerful races, until we find him as he is to-day, with a precarious hold on the Western parts of

the British islands. I suppose he is destined eventually to be absorbed, and to infuse himself into the other peoples.

There remains one more of Shakespeare's sentimentalists for us to consider, and he is a sentimentalist run to seed. "Cynicism," says George Meredith, "is the younger brother of sentiment, and inherits the family property." And nothing could better illustrate the truth of this than the case of the melancholy Jaques. The speech of Jaques that is best known—indeed it is perhaps the best known speech in all Shakespeare—is, I think, one of the least understood. Of course I refer to "All the world's a stage." The misfortune of this passage is that it has been declaimed and quoted by everybody without reference to its connection. Even on the stage the recitation of this part is made to be a sort of specialty or separate performance. And the result is that the majority of people, unless I am much mistaken, have an impression that Shakespeare himself has in this passage likened human life to the mere acting of a part, and in a somewhat belittling way. But what is the truth? It requires but the slightest examination to make it conspicuous that we have in this speech of Jaques a representation of the life of man as it is seen through the diseased vision of a thorough-going cynic. What does Jaques see in the new-born babe, who to Wordsworth was "apparelled in celestial light?"—"The infant muling and puking in the nurse's arms." Could the most hardened old bachelor of one's acquaintance have beaten that? How about the happy, happy days of school? It is "the whining schoolboy, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school." What of the time when heaven comes down to earth in a young man's first love? To Jaques the lover appears "sighing like a furnace, with a woeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow." To this disparager of all good things, reputation is but a "bubble," and success leads but to the

Justice  
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,  
Full of wise saws and modern instances.

And far from seeing anything to reverence in old age, he finds his pleasure in sneering at the "youthful hose, a world too

wide for his shrunk shank," and the voice turning again toward childish treble,

Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

It is a significant fact that Jaques, one of the most unhealthy of Shakespeare's characters, plays so large a part in his most healthy and bracing drama. It is perfectly clear that he is introduced to serve as a foil or a contrast. This contrast is especially great with the dominant spirit of the play, Rosalind. Rosalind is romantic, Jaques is sentimental. This is brought out very strikingly where Jaques describes himself to Rosalind. True sentimentalist that he is, he is proud of his knowledge of human nature. Rather than do anything, he prefers to observe everything. And so he has been a great traveller, has observed character in various countries, "the sundry contemplation" of which wraps him in what he calls a "most humorous sadness." But he is proud of his experience. "And," says Rosalind, "your experience makes you sad. I had rather have a fool to make me merry than a fool to make me sad. And to travel for it too!" And with that Rosalind goes off with Orlando and forgets all about the melancholy Jaques. But Jaques, we may be sure, spent several hours in digesting this rebuke, and in getting Rosalind fitted into his scheme of human nature. Not that he felt sore at all. Your cynicized sentimentalist has lost all healthy sensitiveness. What to another man would give pain and bring him to his senses, is to the Jaques type just so much contribution to his precious "experience." If Jaques had the toothache, I have no doubt that he found it very interesting.

A cynic is a degenerate sentimentalist, and the sentimentalism from which Jaques has degenerated is itself of a low type. All sentimentalists are more or less sensuous; Jaques had been sensual. When he is declaiming against the world and wishing that he had the fool's leave to speak his mind freely, the Duke interrupts him impatiently:

Most mischievous foul sin in chiding sin:  
For thou thyself hast been a libertine  
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;

And all the embossed sores and headed evils  
That thou with license of free foot hast caught,  
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Here again we may notice that Jaques is not hurt. He practically acknowledges the truth of the charge, but evidently he sees no harm in what he has been. His sensual, as his other, experiences have contributed to his knowledge of the world.

But after all we must not be too hard on Jaques. If I had been associating with him and then found out what he had been, I should not on that account have cut his acquaintance. For the man is interesting. He is so to the Duke, one of the healthiest of men. "I love," he says, "to cope with him in these sullen fits, for then he is full of matter." And full of matter he is. If he had lived to-day, he would have written telling ironic editorials. He would have been a favorite in fashionable society. For, wrong as his point of view is, and incapable as he is of any efficient activity, he does know the world in his way. And to one who lives too much in the thin air of speculation or over-refinement of feeling, he might serve as a wholesome corrective.

I should add, before dismissing the character of Jaques, that like Richard, Orsino, and Glendower, he is fond of music. "I can," he says, "suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs."

Thus much for the main aspects of sentimentalism as we find it in Shakespeare. If one would follow the sentimentalist in all his appalling intricacies, if he would examine and inhale the exquisite perfume of the primroses on his path to the everlasting bonfire, is it not all written in the books of *Sentimental Tommy* and *Tommy and Grizel*? My profoundest homage to Mr. Barrie for these two works of genius. There is another modern book on sentimentalism which is perhaps greater, though not so fascinating as Mr. Barrie's novels. This is the *Sandra Belloni* of George Meredith, and it is a book to be pondered over by all serious students of the subject.

In speaking of Richard, I used the phrase, which I translated from the title of a German book, "the ecstasy of woe." Now morphine and bromides are enervating, but indulgence in this

"ecstasy of woe" is even more so. One of its most usual forms is self-pity, offended sensibilities, the belief that precious self has been misunderstood. It is commonest among children and women, and the usual course is to go off and have a good cry. But there are many subtler forms, and it can be cultivated into a source of the most exquisite pleasure. In some people, however, there seems to be an arrangement to enjoy this pleasure without being dominated by it. They have within them a sentimental compartment accessible at will. This accounts for the faculty of many women to "pump up tears" just when tears serve a good purpose. And if they do not live *habitually* in the sentimental apartment of the house of life, there is nothing to blame them for. I have no doubt that in the economy of the world "tear pumping" has its place. And the women who have the gift are invaluable in amateur theatricals.

Another insidious danger to which all of us with any proneness to sentiment are exposed is a weak and useless brooding over the "days that are no more." I cannot illustrate this better than by quoting a couple of stanzas of Thackeray's *Ballad of Bouillabaisse*:

Ah me! how quick the days are flitting !  
 I mind me of a time that's gone,  
 Where here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,  
 In this same place—but not alone.  
 A fair young form was nestled near me,  
 A dear, dear face looked fondly up,  
 And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me ;  
 There's no one now to share my cup.

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.  
 Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes;  
 Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it  
 In memory of dear old times.  
 Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is ;  
 And sit you down and say your grace  
 With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is,—  
 Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse !

This is distinctly an illegitimate appeal. It is all in a minor key. And there is a good deal of this same appeal in the creator of *Amelia Sedley*, as there is a good deal (old-fashioned as it is to say so) of something that nearly approaches cynicism.

If we inquire whether or no the present is a sentimental age, I think we may be led to some suggestive speculation on this matter by going back several centuries and seeking very briefly to trace a thread of development up to the present time.

A year or two ago, I heard a lecture on "The Pre-Raphaelite Religious Painters in Florence," in which the main point was that there breathes in the pictures of Fra Angelico and Botticelli the ideal of *purity*. Much as purity may be the aspiration of individuals still, it has never again become the central aspiration of an age. And though it may not be very profitable, yet it is an alluring pastime to try to fix upon the main ideals of the successive ages of the civilized western world, and so in a manner to account to oneself for the life of each as we see it in politics, in social life, and in literature. And with each ideal we may associate a danger which inheres in it, and which, as the ideal wears itself out in practice, brings about a reaction and a new ideal.

Now in the mediæval conception of purity as a supreme end we may call the lurking danger — danger, observe, only because in the process of actualizing there must needs be an earthly alloy — we may say that the danger is *anæmia* — bloodlessness — that fainting and fading away of the more human, or, if you choose, animal element, which is after all indispensable in carrying forward this earthly life. And so there succeeds to the ideal of the Middle Age that of the Renaissance — the ideal of *joy*. Repressed humanity bursts forth from its bonds, and we have a Michael Angelo and a Titian, a Petrarch and a Boccaccio, a Marlowe and a Shakespeare. And now the danger is *intemperance*. If we look to England, we find in the social realm, debauchery of morals, in the literary realm, debauchery of language and imagination. I refer to the extravagant sensationalism that we find in the dramatists of the time of Charles I, and to the extravagant vagaries of fancy that we find in the lyric poets of that age, who are known as "metaphysical poets." Shakespeare himself is sensational, and he uses conceits of fancy to the perilous verge of abuse; but Shakespeare, when we see him whole, is always sane. Not so with his successors. The sensationalism of John Webster is morbid, and the fancy

of John Donne is pinnacled dim in an inane that is anything but intense. And so the pendulum swings back once more, and we have the eighteenth century with its ideal of *sanity*; the age of Alexander Pope in whom we have the apotheosis of lucidity; the age of Samuel Johnson, our best embodiment of strong common sense.

But lucidity and common sense are narrow ideals. Admirable as these qualities are as correctives for extravagance, they restrain and inhibit many deep yearnings of the human soul. And so there emerges at the beginning of the nineteenth century the ideal of *liberty*. It is unnecessary to expand on the nature and consequences of this ideal in politics and social life, in science and literature. The spirit of the nineteenth century is still near to us, is still in some measure within us. What I want particularly to suggest is that we are now, though not many of us are conscious of it, coming under the domination of another ideal. The lurking danger in the ideal of liberty is what I may call *irresponsibility*. The term is not quite a satisfactory one, but what I mean is the failure, when under the influence of an enthusiasm for liberty, to inquire candidly whether, after all, a given impulse is going to lead to the best results. It would seem that there is growing upon us now a sense of this deficiency in the ideal of the nineteenth century, and we may call the ideal of the age on which we are now entering the ideal of *efficiency*. We are going to understand better, and respect more the eighteenth century which was so berated by such nineteenth century prophets as Carlyle; we are going to pay more heed to sanity. But at the same time we shall have a wider outlook and more energy of spirit. And the leaders in the van of this new movement I take to be, among the nations, the United States of America; in English literature, perhaps, Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

We may answer, then, the question whether this is a sentimental age by suggesting that we are beginning to recognize in the nineteenth century a broad vein of sentimentalism, and are going to find an antidote for it in our new ideal of efficiency.

As to the antidotes for sentimentalism in the individual life, I am sure that some of our friends would tell us that nothing is so good as science. Some years ago I happened to be in the lecture room of a friend of mine, a professor of botany. It was a

coëducational university, and a young lady came in to enrol for his elementary course. "O professor," she said, "I know I am going to enjoy your course. I love botany; there is so much poetry in flowers. What shall we take up first?"

"We shall spend the first two months, ma'am, in a thorough study of *potato rot*."

And the professor was not brutal; he was right. The decay in the potato affords an excellent material for a study of primitive cell-life, and the professor meant simply to arrest the sentimental attitude and make his pupil face about squarely to confront the facts.

But I do not think that science is the greatest corrective for sentimentalism. Science may be an antiseptic, but great literature is an expulsive power. And it may be well to end by setting over against the many sentimental passages that my purpose has made it necessary for me to quote, a short poem which is charged to the brim with the very essence of manliness. In Browning's Epilogue to *Asolando*, the analogue of Tennyson's *Crossing the Bar*, we see the spirit in which his one of the greatest of modern men went forward to meet death:

At the midnight in the silence of man's sleep-time,  
When you set your fancies free,  
Will they pass to where — by death, fools think, imprisoned —  
Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,  
— Pity me?

Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!  
What had I on earth to do  
With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly?  
Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel  
— Being who?

One who never turned his back but marched breast forward,  
Never doubted clouds would break,  
Never dreamed, tho' right were worsted, wrong would triumph,  
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's worktime,  
Greet the unseen with a cheer!  
Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,  
"Strive and thrive!" cry "Speed,— fight on, fare ever  
There as here!"

LANCELOT MINOR HARRIS.

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## ON TONALITY IN ENGLISH VERSE

In 1880 Sidney Lanier published a small volume entitled *The Science of English Verse*. In this work he called attention to the remarkably close relations that exist between music and verse, both when considered scientifically with reference to the laws of acoustics, and when considered with regard to the emotional appeal which each makes as an art.

His experiments and researches led him to conclude that quantity and accent are inherent in all verse, classic as well as modern, and to suggest as a means of expressing this fact, that, instead of the classic and the accentual methods of scansion, use be made of a system of notation similar to that employed in music. This under the head of "rhythms" occupies about five-sixths of the book. His arguments here are so convincing that only a few of the authorities on poetics now gainsay them.

The rest of the book treats of tune, or melody, and tone-color, or timbre, in verse. By misapplication of what Lanier gives in these closing chapters merely as suggestions on possible relations of music to verse, which he says he hopes to be able to establish at some future time (but which his death prevented), many queer notions have found their way into modern pedagogics. Some of these I wish to question; for, while music and verse are closely allied, there are many phenomena in verse which can not be explained by referring them to like instances in music. To endeavor to do so is a grave error.

Music and verse are the attempt of art to fulfill æsthetic desires of the ear. Music demands to be played; verse, to be recited. The musician who interprets his score without the aid of an instrument is only doing the same thing as the school-boy who cons his lesson without actually repeating the words. The eye perceives the symbol and in the symbol the brain hears the sound for which that symbol stands. Both arts are, then, dependent upon the ear for their interpretation and must, therefore, rest at their very foundation upon the same natural laws.

In order to make the conclusions, which I shall presently draw, clear to those of my readers who are unfamiliar with the

physics of music, let us first consider briefly those fundamental laws of acoustics which must be comprehended, if the arguments by which I arrive at these conclusions are to be followed intelligently.

All sound is the result of matter in vibration. When the vibrations are irregular, they produce mere noise, but when they are continued and regular, they give forth a musical tone. Only musical tones need concern us here. Of these the human ear distinguishes three characteristics:

(1) Their pitch, that property<sup>1</sup> "of a sound or tone which depends upon the relative rapidity of the vibrations by which it is produced, a relatively acute or high pitch resulting from rapid vibrations and a relatively grave or low pitch from slow vibrations. It is estimated and stated in terms of vibration per second of the sounding body. It is experimentally determined either by direct comparison with a standard tuning-fork or by such instruments as the siren."

(2) Their intensity, that property of a sound or tone which depends primarily upon the amplitude of the vibrations of the sounding body, a relatively loud sound resulting from a broad swing, and a relatively soft sound from a contracted swing. There is no standard for determining the intensity of a sound, but the ear easily recognizes a comparative difference between a loud and a soft sound.

(3) Their tone-color or timbre, "that property by which we distinguish between the same tone as sounded upon two different musical instruments, as a piano and a violin."

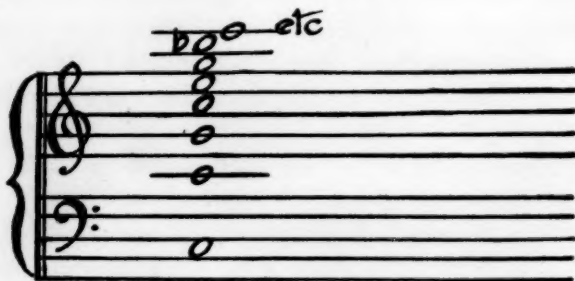
Pitch and intensity are so generally understood as to need no further explanation. Tone-color, however, calls for a more careful consideration, as it is to an almost universal lack of knowledge concerning this phenomenon that so large a number of false conceptions as to the similarity of certain structural relations in verse to the structural relations of music has been allowed to pass unchallenged.

The simplest form of vibration is that of the tuning-fork. Here a metal bar, fastened at one end to a base, executes, when

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<sup>1</sup> All definitions are from *The Century Dictionary and Cyclopædia*.

struck or bowed, a series of vibrations exactly similar to the oscillations of a pendulum. The tone emitted is soft and thin but very pure. The form of the vibrations of a piano string is quite different from that of the tuning-fork; for the piano string is fastened at both ends and in vibrating not only does it move from side to side, but, in addition, it also divides itself mathematically into sections of one half, one third, one fourth, one fifth, et cetera, the length of the entire string; and these sections, while vibrating with the entire string, at the same time vibrate just as though they were independent strings of a half, a third, a fourth, a fifth, et cetera, the length of the entire string, so that from the entire or unit string is given off a very prominent tone called the fundamental, while from each of the sections is heard a tone whose pitch is higher than that of the fundamental, a section one half of the unit string giving off a tone an octave higher than the fundamental; a section one third its length giving a tone an octave and a fifth higher than the fundamental; a section one fourth its length giving a tone two octaves higher than the fundamental, and so on. For instance, if the vibrating string has for its fundamental the note C, the sound which we hear consists predominantly of this C, but at the same time we hear, in various degrees of intensity for different instruments, the following series of harmonics or overtones, as these higher notes are called:



the bottom note or fundamental being C, and the harmonics running c, g, c', e', g', b' flat, c''; the intervals between the harmonics becoming smaller and smaller as their number increases and their pitch gets higher. In the tone of the piano-

forte only the harmonics given in the series above are heard; for its mechanical construction is such that the higher overtones are completely obscured. Even the sixth harmonic, while it is audible to very acute ears, is so faint, that, instead of the dominant seventh chord here written, the major triad is really heard. The octave, the third and the fifth of any fundamental are the most prominent harmonics of the piano-forte, though these vary in intensity among different makes. For the violin other sets of harmonics are present, according to the construction of the instrument and the method of attack employed by the performer. In all instruments the prominence of one set of overtones causes a corresponding weakening of all the others. It is to the presence of harmonics that the richness and individuality of tones are due; and, except when they are very high and close together, as in cymbals, the greater the number (but not the intensity) of the harmonics present, the more beautiful the tone.

Acute ears are able to detect the more prominent harmonics without mechanical aid, but, for the detection of the weaker ones, resonators must be used. These are metallic chambers so constructed that they respond to a definite pitch. For instance, take a resonator whose pitch is middle C of the piano-forte. Now, whenever a body which gives off the same number of vibrations per second as are required for this C, is made to vibrate, however faintly, the latter at once responds and the C is heard distinctly. With a series of resonators of the proper pitches, any tone may be analyzed, so that just what overtones are present, and which of these are prominent, may be accurately determined.

In reed instruments such as the oboe and clarinet, the tone is produced either directly by the vibration of a reed in the mouthpiece, or indirectly by causing sympathetic vibrations of the column of air in the pipe. The power and quality of the tone depend largely upon the height and shape of the body of the pipe, which acts almost exclusively as a resonance chamber for the reinforcement of both the fundamental and its harmonics; for it must be remembered, that, as in the case of the piano and violin, the quality of the tone is due to the predomi-

nance of those harmonics which are strengthened by the mechanical structure of the instrument.

All that I have said thus far has served merely as the proper introduction for this important statement: The mechanism of the human voice, also, is essentially a reed instrument, the vocal cords being simply free membranous reeds which may be stretched within the larynx.

Although the human organs of speech are essentially similar in mechanism to the parts of a reed instrument, they are, by far, more intricate and delicate in their structure than the most complex of single voiced instruments. Across the centre of the small, three-cornered box of cartilages, which serves as the mouthpiece of this instrument, are stretched two bands of membrane whose edges fit together with such exactness that they completely close the cavity of the larynx without impinging a hair's breadth upon each other. In making a sound, air from the lungs is directed against these bands, called the vocal cords. This causes them to vibrate in such a manner that they draw apart and then come together again, alternately permitting the passage of the air and preventing it. The rate of the vibrations is controlled by reflex action in the mind of the speaker, or singer, according to the pitch which he wishes to produce. So wonderfully delicate is the action of the vocal cords, that they can even change their thickness instantaneously in order to facilitate or to retard their vibrations. The rate of the vibrations of the vocal cords fixes the pitch of the sound; the size and shape assumed by the nasal and buccal cavities determine its quality, or tone-color, by affording the necessary reinforcement for those harmonics which produce the effects desired.

The first great physicist to experiment upon the structure of vowel sounds with a degree of accuracy approaching that of the modern investigator, was Helmholtz. For years he was the sole authority on this subject, but more recent work by Louis Bevier, Jr., has extended the scope of our knowledge considerably beyond what Helmholtz thought to be true. Even Bevier's experiments, however, are not conclusive as to which harmonics are prominent for a given vowel, and at what pitches these receive their greatest reinforcement from the cavity of the mouth:

yet upon one fundamental fact all physicists agree, the differences of vowel-color are due to the prominence of different sets of harmonics.

In the vowel sounds which he examined, Helmholtz found, for the most part, that there was but a single over-tone present (in several instances he did find two), and that this over-tone must fall within narrow limits if it was to receive reinforcement from the resonator of unchanging pitch which he thought was formed by the shape which the cavity of the mouth assumed in the production of each vowel sound. It is now known that the buccal cavity, while retaining the same general shape, can so alter itself as to reinforce the harmonics necessary for the characterization of a given vowel sound, while the fundamental upon which it is sung varies its pitch through a comparatively wide range. Of course, there are pitches of maximum resonance for each vowel sound, but the mathematical curves representing the fluctuations below this maximum are far more regular than they were formerly supposed to be.

In speaking, the voice makes use of so small a part of its actual range that all shades of vowel-color may be clearly enunciated by the normal voice. In singing, the matter becomes far more complicated, for reasons that I shall presently give.

Now that we have before us a general outline of the mechanism of the voice, it is time to go somewhat into particulars and to discuss briefly the over-tones that characterize several of the most distinctive vowel sounds.

First, however, let me state that the reason why consonants do not need discussion here is, that, according to Helmholtz, they are not musical sounds, but noises. Vowels, on the contrary, are musical sounds; for the vibrations required to produce them are both continued and regular.

For the production of the vowel U (as in *sue*), the mouth is given the shape of a resonator with a large belly and a narrow mouth. Its maximum resonance must, consequently be low (Helmholtz places it at middle F of the base clef). In this vowel the fundamental is very strong; the third harmonic, pronounced. In the singing voice it is only from a low funda-

mental that a well-defined U can be secured. However, much of the difficulty met with in characterizing U may be due to the lips being so closely pressed together as to prevent the free emission of the tone.

O (as in *go*) and Ä (as in *fär*) are most easily enunciated of all vowels; because the lips and teeth are well apart and the entire buccal cavity is uniformly open, thus allowing the sound to pass unrestricted from the vocal cords through the resonator into the air. In Ä the second harmonic is neglected; the third, feeble; the fifth and seventh, very strong; while in O, it is the second harmonic which is strong; the third and fourth, weak.

I (as in *die*) and E (as in *see*) are pronounced by a greater expansion in the rear of the cavity of the mouth than in front — the lips are well back; the teeth, close together. In this position of the mouth, the sound finds its greatest resonance in the back of the cavity and it is somewhat muffled by the time that it has been more closely confined at the front of the mouth and then forced through the narrow opening between the teeth. The difficulty in making these vowels clear is, however, primarily to be accounted for from the fact that their over-tones lie so high, that, if the fundamental upon which they are sung be above a moderate pitch, the over-tones pass into that region of the scale where the ear is no longer able to distinguish any difference between their pitches. The sound of the vowel is, in consequence, blurred.

It has recently been asserted that there is a variation in pitch for every vowel sound, and this is referred to in poetics as *pitch*, the authors saying distinctly that *pitch* is to be understood as having the same meaning as that connoted by *pitch* in music. This, I think, is a misnomer; for, as we have seen, no vowel has any definite number of vibrations per second that are required to produce it, although beyond certain limits in pitch, most vowels are characterized with difficulty. I insist that this is not because U, O, Ä are pitched low, while I and E are pitched high. I and E, as well as U, are clearest when their fundamentals are low. The reasons I have already given. The harmonics for I and E are certainly higher than those for U,

but that is no more reason for saying that the pitch of I and E is higher than that of U than there is in calling the tone of the cornet high and that of the piano low, because the harmonics of the latter are lower than those of the former. If this is true, should not the terms *pitch* and *high and low vowels* be eliminated from the vocabulary of poetics?

Since there is no correct use of *pitch* when applied to verse where the meaning is that which was assigned to it in the opening sentence of the preceding paragraph, there can be in verse no such relation of the various pitches to one another as is indicated by the use of *key* in its musical sense; for *key*, in musical theory and notation, is "the tonality centering in a given tone, or the several tones taken collectively, of a given scale, major or minor." It is a peculiarity of keys that each key is best adapted to express a certain emotion. Gay moods demand A-major; F-major suits a tender pensiveness; D-minor is intensely tragic. Other keys can be employed to produce these effects, but those mentioned produce them most naturally, just as certain instruments are peculiarly adapted to express certain emotions. Imagine *The Death of Asoe*, played on a flute. In this respect there certainly is much similarity between music and verse:—certain vowels cause the emotions to respond more readily to a solemn thought than does another set of vowels combined so as to mean the same thing. If a sombre picture is to be produced, fill the lines with ÖÖ's, Ö's and Ä's: the result will be far more impressive than if synonyms containing E's and I's were substituted for them. This resemblance, however, is far closer to the effects obtained from the individual instruments which compose the orchestra than it is to the effects due to the actual key in which these instruments may be playing. But *key* cannot be so restricted in meaning as to cause it to present this relation alone. If, however, *key* must be used, we should say that a poem is in a major or a minor key, keeping in mind all the while, that any key extends from the highest to the lowest tone which musical instruments are capable of producing, and that in using *major* and *minor* you do not mean that the vowels are following one another in any such sequence of pitches as would be employed

by the tones of the musical scale. The manner in which both appeal to the emotions is the only ground upon which their resemblance can rightly be based; in each instance, this is effected by *tone-color*. Musicians constantly speak of the "tone-color of keys" as well as of "the tone-color of instruments." Now since it is in tone-color alone that verse has any relation to key, both *key* and *pitch*, so called, when referring to vowel sounds in verse, should properly be included in the single term *vowel-color*.

There is absolutely no relation of sounds in verse that can be compared to harmony in music; for harmony is the agreement in sound of two or more tones vibrating simultaneously, as in chords. Harmony demands just those relations of sounds in pitch and key which verse does not possess. Moreover, in verse no two sounds are ever produced simultaneously. Rhyme has only one faint resemblance to harmony—the rhyming syllables do sometimes chance to fall under one another. Verse does possess *harmony* in that it pleases the ear, but this is not the *harmony* of music.

Tune or melody in speech is a far more subtle thing than tune in music, but it must be understood in the very beginning that tune in speech is no more dependent on the combination of vowels and consonants than is tune in vocal music. In music, tune is the result of rhythmic successions of different pitches. Tune in speech, unless that speech be verse, need not be rhythmic. It is imperative, however, that the pitch vary. Lanier makes this so plain in Chapter X, of his *Science of English Verse* that I need only call attention to one fact:—tune is as important a factor in prose as in verse. A word may be spoken to a thousand different tunes, if there are that many ideas to be expressed by it, the tune depending solely on the sense to be conveyed. The voice in making these distinctions uses shades of pitch, intensity and color that no instrument is capable of reproducing. The violin can imitate the shades of pitch with wonderful exactness, but they are far too delicate ever to be written down, and even when recorded could never be reproduced; for it would be impossible to repeat such infinitesimal shades of sound with any degree of accuracy.

While I am fond of thinking of each vowel sound as the peculiar tone of a reed instrument, within whose limited compass the intensity of the tone depends upon the amount of reinforcement received from a resonator capable of altering its pitch, and of all the vowel sounds as composing the wonderfully rich orchestra of the human voice, I am afraid that by saying so here I am helping to establish the precedent of setting the fancy free that has already led to so much misunderstanding; hence, let me close with the statement of dry fact:

(1) Aside from rhythm, differences between poetry and music are so numerous and so marked as to render the employment of musical terms in poetics inadvisable.

(2) Verse is no nearer music than painting is to sculpture, although verse and music are alike dependent for their existence upon the same phenomena of acoustics.

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## THE MODERN NOVEL

### I.

The youngest and most powerful of the arts has had, in England and America, its competent chroniclers; its philosopher is yet to come. A few pages of Stevenson, James and Howells are very nearly all we possess in this field of artistic speculation. Novelists and their publics, interacting constantly upon each other, are still too often humiliatingly akin to the tradesmanlike Trollope, whose unashamed autobiography is the final concession of the "family-novelist" to our secular superstition of common-sense. In the light of that darkness, poetry is pure inspiration, fiction a yarn; method, workmanship, aim, are unknown conceptions. Readers of English speech desire in fiction, one suspects, to escape life rather than to enlarge their knowledge or experience of it; hence the terms upon which the novelist grapples with his difficult problem of making so fragmentary a representation convey an essential truth, are consciously present only to the rarest minds.

It was not always so. The English eighteenth century, limited and prosaic, watched the movement of the human comedy with alerter eyes, and infused into this watchfulness a mental energy which later years have usually given to loftier things. The proper study of mankind being man, especially the gesture and colour of his life under the conditions of a secure civilization, the originators of the English novel discoursed of the aims and methods of their newly-found art with copiousness and zest. Moral preoccupations, whether expressed through satire or instruction, lent their task a becoming gravity, under whose comfortable safeguard the questions of how and what in art were permitted to assume a supreme importance.

That brief and unnatural union between art and didactics has long been dissolved. To-day the novel amuses, and we do not take our amusements seriously. The interpretative power of fiction is not yet recognized, nor the fundamental fact that the modern novel exerts this power through its technique, that aim

and method are indissolubly one, and the spirit of a novel as clearly visible in its style and structure as the spirit of man in expressive lip and eye.

To anyone conscious of French fiction and criticism these remarks are fatally obvious. Romanticist and realist, naturalist and psychologist have, in France, waged their sounding battles over questions of method, taking the power and value of the *genre* for granted. Under whatever colour artist or reader take his station, the one fact is held indisputable, that, as Brunetière said: "Composition is impossible except upon the condition of one's having a certain idea of the work of art and striving to realize it."

It is time for us to assimilate this doctrine; it is time for us, above all, to recognize this further truth, that the modern novel, exercising the interpretative power through technique, must have a boundless freedom in the application of its methods to the stuff of human life. From such freedom, and from it alone a form of art draws strength, richness, variety. Cramp it, limit the play of its possibilities, curb it with irrelevant restrictions and the result is the timid, parochial, unintelligent average novel of British or American manufacture. For the novel, if it is to be more than the transitory plaything of an hour, is potent through its very flexibility, through its faculty of rendering life so intimately and at so many points. There is no limit, as Mr. James wrote long ago, to what the novelist may "attempt as an executant — no limit to his possible experiments, efforts, discoveries, successes," — provided, one may add, that he be permitted to make his experiments, to use his discoveries, to achieve his successes regardless of a press which, puritanical in its criticism, reeks with foul news upon another page; regardless of the careful father who shudders at George Moore, and feeds his children upon the corroding vulgarities of the Sunday illustrated newspaper. It is only upon the basis of this perfect freedom that any serious discussion of the modern novel is conceivable, upon the assumption that, to quote Brunetière once more, "the rights of the novel, more extensive than the rights of any other *genre*, have no limitations to-day but those of its own power,"

and that, finally, we require of the novelist merely this: "to imitate life faithfully, and to give us, if he will, without discriminating or choice its accurate picture or its sensation."

The more generously we liberate the novelist from trammels in his choice of subject and his anterior point of view, the more fascinating, too, shall we find the spectacle of his nimble activity. For, the immense flexibility of his form in regard to variety of application serves but to throw into higher relief its internal rigidity. All life invites him, cries out, in its magnificent multiformity, in its splendour and poignancy, for representation: his actual means toward this colossal task are few, halting and monotonous. Conversation reduced to symbolic tenuity, pale description of some corner of this tremendous world, analysis of a few moments in the life of a single soul, fragments of narrative—with such fragile weapons the modern novelist must set out and conquer for his work, limited by further restrictions of time and space, something of the colour, the movement, and the inner truth of life. We must, then, bring to the modern novel a consciousness of the identity of technique and intention, a willingness to grant its author his premises, and a desire for serious interpretation whether through rendition of the real or the ideal. To the modern novel:—for this term, which should never be laxly used, denotes not the novel of this decade or that; but a new art, the last link in a long chain of technical development, an art which one of its most illustrious practitioners has described—with striking truth if hardly with completeness—as "a rhythmical sequence of events described with rhythmical sequence of phrase."

## II.

To indicate, however briefly, the salient points in the technical development of the art of fiction is a task of unusual intricacy. In France the history of letters has clear outlines, school follows school in almost logical progression. Even in poetry the spiritual demarcations are boldly defined: Romanticists, spurning the ordered eloquence of two centuries, create a poetry of riotous wealth in sound and colour: Parnassians, weary of this mad exuberance, find peace in an im-

personal beauty, cool, radiant and severe: Symbolists and Decadents at last, reject the white serenities of Leconte de Lisle, and torture the language into strange arabesques in search of mystical signs and correspondences! The history of English art, whether in poetry or fiction, can offer but a halting parallel. Free, eccentric, solitary, the English poet, the English novelist, builds his visionary temple. Spire, dome and minaret cluster his carven roof. It is his supreme good fortune that, unconscious of any norm, he usually builds better than he knows. We cannot, hence, in English fiction point, as Jules de Goncourt did, to any two books (*Mme. Bovary*, *Germinie Lacerteux*) and say: "Here are the models of all done since under whatever name!" Our chronicles can never be so brief and plain. We seem, for instance, to see the beginning of a realistic school, a return to the comic novelists of the eighteenth century, and, in its midst, rise the impassioned voices of the Brontës. They were innocent of the very ideas of structure, surface or verisimilitude, but rendered certain strange, autumnal dreams of life through a medium whose turbidness never wholly clouds its wild energy. Or else the novel, loose and confused in form, seems given over to sentiment or "Gothic" romance, and, quietly, afar from the high road, Jane Austen sits behind the bright panes of that calm vicarage, tracing with frugal art and patient exactitude the manners of a small society. And yet — despite individual divergence and amid flux and reflux — the central tendencies, identical with those in France, are visible here; the development toward the modern novel can be followed; its advent as the final and definitive form of the art can be described.

We need not go beyond the eighteenth century, when the novel became aware of itself as a distinct form, except to remark in passing that France was earlier in the field, and that Scarron in his *Roman Comique* describes his strolling player folk with a genuine gift for seizing reality. Fixing our attention for a moment upon this book, however, and upon the earlier and greater *Don Quixote*, we may remember how vital a part was played in the development of the novel by the satiric reaction of the increasingly realistic temper of Christendom

against the romances, pastoral and chivalric, that had once been its veritable *Thousand and One Nights*. We need not dwell, in England, upon Bunyan's religious allegory, or Defoe's imperturbable lying, or Swift's huge ironic fable. It is with the "history" that the novel appears, with *Clarissa*, with *Joseph Andrews*, with *Gil Blas*, books whose purpose it is, not merely, like the *Pilgrim's Progress* to edify, or like *Moll Flanders* to deceive, or like *Gulliver* to crush man's pride with one vast apologue, but whose clear intention it is to convince by a conscious representation of the typical and therefore the essentially true. For the novel is an imaginative narrative that interprets the common life of man through the symbol of the individual life.

With Richardson, then, with Fielding and Smollett, the novel approximates its legitimate aim; its form is still tentative, uncertain and perplexed. Letters and memoirs do duty for the rhythm of narrative; the surface is rough, the web knotted; the technical devices of the epic and the drama are freely borrowed; the fundamental conventions of the art are yet unrecognized. Richardson, in the defensive postscript to *Clarissa*, quotes Addison's interpretation of Aristotle, Horace and Rapin, and deprecates the use of the retrospective narrative (the inevitable form of the *genre*) since it implies, on the part of the narrator, unnatural strength of memory or impossible omniscience. He is conscious, on the other hand, of his own device of fortifying an impression by the power of cumulative detail, and himself creates the unfortunate and stubborn convention of following the fate of each character to its ultimate end.

Fielding, an incalculably stronger influence than Richardson in the development of the English novel, may almost be said to have invented a form that persisted till but the other day, and still leaves its vigorous trace upon books of more modern workmanship. To him the novel was an epic, and, because of his satiric vision, a comic epic. It possesses, in his own words, "fable, action, characters, sentiments, and diction." Metre is all it wants and hence it is "a comic epic poem in prose." Thus Fielding avails himself of the liberties of the epic as they

appear to him. He has no conception of the rhythm of narrative, but exhorts, invokes, discusses his characters from the vantage point of his authorship, turns, with a conventional explanation, from one group to another; admits not only digressions and a general discursiveness, but even (as in the story of the "Old Man of the Hill") the irrelevant episode. In a word, he practises every device which the greater stringency of the modern novel abhors; by the elimination of which, in truth, the modern novel, rhythmic, impersonal, continuous in texture, exists. Nor does he yet suspect the interest of the special "case," the peculiar fortune, or its power of illuminating, as with a silver searchlight, the unfathomable caves where the soul broods. Here Richardson saw farther. But Fielding takes his stand upon the universality of fictive truth. From his declaration of aim, in fact, one would suspect a La Bruyère rather than a creator of individuals: "I declare here," he exclaims, "once for all, I describe not men but manners, not an individual, but a species. . . The lawyer is not only alive, but hath been so these four-thousand years." His technique and his satiric vision of the gesture of life are memorable not only for themselves; they pass to Thackeray, the incomparable master of the older English novel in whom it culminated, and with whom it died.

The end of the eighteenth, the beginning of the nineteenth centuries, saw the novel contract somewhat its sprawling proportions. Romance brought, with much else, swifter and compacter workmanship. *The Castle of Otranto*, *Werther*, *Atala* and *Vathek* — all were comparatively brief. Passion and wonder could not brook the intolerable prolixity of the older form. Even those writers who still adhered to the satirical painting of manners which marked the passing age — even Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth — contented themselves with a more measurable canvas. Beyond the practice of brevity the romantic novelists made few contributions to the technique of the novel. Discovering nature, in common with the poets, they hardly learned to put their discovery to any functional use in the organism of fictive narration. Separately considered, many of the works of the romanticists, earlier and later, are,

technically antiquated, melodramatic or even absurd. *Werther* is the traditional bundle of letters; the huge phantasmagorias of Hugo writhe grotesquely into their monstrous skies; *Mlle. de Maupin*, that jeweled gospel of a new Hellenism is, as a novel, helpless and awkward. Gautier could hardly manage a simple conversation with novelistic technique, but breaks into the surface of his novel with the devices of the stage. In contrast with these, however, George Sand, that beautiful and generous spirit "sang unto the moon" (to use her own words) her harmonious imaginings with a large and gracious fluidity of execution, while Dumas in France and the great Sir Walter in England cultivated the craft of massive epic narrative.

But Scott himself had yet no suspicion of that finer and more rounded type of art with its unbroken surface and continuous rhythm which the succeeding years brought forth. He still assumes the purely external attitude, pulling his puppets hither and thither, still shifts arbitrarily the narrative point of view, still contents himself with a mechanical coarseness of transition. From his work these technical defects, which the novel has not yet entirely conquered, may be definitely illustrated. "I will not attempt," he writes, "to describe the mixture of indignation and regret with which Ravenswood left the seat which had belonged to his ancestors." The close web of the modern novel does not admit so rude an intrusion of the god behind the machine. Nor would a modern artist be content with so fatally easy a method of introducing an exposition, that should have been woven with apparent unconsciousness into the texture of his work, as the method employed by Scott. "We must now leave, with whatever regret, the valiant Captain Dalgetty to recover of his wounds . . . in order briefly to trace the military operations of Montrose . . ." Of his transitions, the sources of alternate triumph and despair to a later school of artists, Scott makes easy work: "The circumstances announced in the conclusion of the last chapter. . .," he writes, or, still more flagrantly: "Our tale draws to a conclusion." The giant race before the flood wrote with a swifter strength and copiousness than the more frugal artists of a later day, not alone by the energy of its genial powers! The technical de-

mands of art have increased an hundred fold in severity. With the style and the methods of Scott, Flaubert himself might have written forty novels in place of four. There is implicit in these facts no detracting of Scott: they serve merely to illustrate a technical development. And the extreme gradualness of this development is visible in numerous instances. A decade after Scott's death, Mérimée, first of the great impersonal artists of France, whose narrative Sainte-Beuve declared to be *net, svelte, alerte, coupé au vif*—Mérimée himself wrote: "It was to follow the precept of Horace that I plunged at the outset (of 'Colomba') *in medias res*. Now while all sleep . . . I cease a moment, to instruct my reader concerning certain matters of which he must not be ignorant." Beyond that the laxity of structural technique cannot well go!

In English fiction the reign of professed romance was short. With Dickens and the minor humorists of the day arose a second wave of realism. A strange realism, to be sure, true rather to an immensely detailed dream of the actual, than to the world which an exacter sense perceives. But the realistic aim is as clear in the author of *Copperfield* as it is in the author of *Père Goriot*, although the skeptics of the unwieldy Balzacian gospel, (whose numbers will increase), can, at least, make out a case for their heretical tenet that between the creator of Vautrin and the creator of Ralph Nickleby the difference is one of genius and nationality, not of clarity of sight. Concerning the technique of the novel neither Dickens nor Balzac can tell us anything. In the works of both glares that inseparable combination of coarseness of style and coarseness of method—which points unerringly to a fatal lack of spiritual harmony, fineness and charm. Humour, intellect, passion, knowledge, are all but Danaan gifts when accompanied by this terrible want. Hence we may turn at once to the two central and consummate masters of the art of fiction, who will teach us more than all their predecessors—Thackeray and Flaubert.

The exquisite, ironical English gentleman, with his Vergilian elegance of style, and the austere literary monk of Croisset—whole worlds of thought and feeling sunder them, unbridgeable charms of race and temper. This alone they had

in common, that in each dwelt side by side with the realist, and nearer the man's heart, a romantic scholar who chose an age other than his own as a home of dreams. *Vanity Fair* is followed by *Esmond*; *Mme. Bovary* by *Salambo*; *The Newcomes* by *The Virginians*; *L'Education Sentimentale* by *La Tentation de Saint Antoine*. Each shakes from him the dust of his own oppressive day, and takes refuge in the paler visions of the past. Here comparison must end, for in all else they were divided. Thackeray is the English satirist, greater than Addison or Fielding, but of the same lineage, keen-eyed where the pretences and follies of man show on the surface of life, sharp of speech to castigate these hypocrites and fools, but still kindly at heart and tender even to a fault. Flaubert, the Norman giant with the shattered nerves, is of a harder, drier temper. His weapon is not satire, for his emotion lies beneath the springs of laughter. A colossal contempt for the "odious bourgeois" corrodes him, a contempt that has long outstript even speech. Between his perfect paragraphs there lies in wait a blighting silence before which the angriest satire of the English novelist fades into friendly babbling. The two attitudes create two corresponding techniques as their inevitable embodiments—the technique of the old and the technique of the modern novel. Thackeray watches this laughable, melancholy spectacle of human life, and sits down to discourse at ease of what he has seen. Too great an artist (as he had shown in *Barry Lyndon*), to be really faithless to his art through some extraneous pre-occupation, he pretends to write his greatest realistic novel from the point of view of the exhorting moralist. "As we bring our characters forward, I will ask leave, as a man and a brother, not only to introduce them, but occasionally to slip down from the platform and talk about them; if they are good and kindly, to love them and shake them by the hand; if they are silly, to laugh at them confidentially in the reader's sleeve; if they are wicked and heartless to abuse them in the strongest terms which politeness admits of. Otherwise you might fancy it was I who was sneering at the practice of devotion which Miss Sharp finds so ridiculous." The very existence of such a paragraph in the body of a novel, the intention which it

betrays, and above all, the attitude shown in its last sentence, which no reverence for Thackeray will redeem from its complete preposterousness — all this stamps the novel as of the older school. The transitions are wooden, the point of view wavering, the puppets are visibly manipulated, petted and scolded. And yet it were impertinent to praise that incomparable book. We possess to-day a more harmonious, stringent and complete artistic form, but no Thackeray has yet made it imperishable! Nor should it be forgotten that no work by any modern master, from Flaubert to George Moore, surpasses in fluidity of narrative rhythm, severe beauty of structure, or perfect continuity of silken surface that fine flower of Thackeray's life and art — *The History of Henry Esmond*.

The originator of the modern novel cared little whether or not his audience would be capable of the stupidity of attributing to him the opinions of his characters. "It seems to me," he writes in that illuminating correspondence with George Sand, "it seems to me best to paint quite plainly the things that exasperate you. Dissection becomes vengeance." Dissection, analysis — to explain by such processes the visible gestures of life — these are the methods of the modern school. To preach or tease would be, from Flaubert's point of view, the last folly. "It is in vain," he says, "that you fatten this human cattle, provide litter up to its belly or even gild its stable; it will remain a brute for all you say. All the progress that can be hoped for, consists in making the beast a little less mischievous." From this attitude grew naturally the severe and impersonal narrative which novelists of a humaner temper have adopted. "I do not believe," Flaubert wrote in memorable words, "that the artist should express his opinion on anything in the world. He may communicate it, but I would not have him speak it. . . Hence I limit myself to a rendering of things as they appear to me, to an expression of what seems to me true, let the consequences be what they will. Rich or poor, conquerors or conquered, all are alike before me. I would have neither love nor hate nor pity nor anger. As for sympathy, that is different: one never has enough." Impersonal narrative, a perfect rhythm of style and movement, a close analysis of

the emotional life—all these Flaubert achieved and hence wrote, as its first, and still as one of its preëminent masters, the modern novel.

### III.

The naturalistic and the analytic novel, the types which blend finally into the perfect form of imaginative narrative, developed technically in France, either with or from Flaubert. Of the two, the naturalistic novel was never native in England; the analytic novel, on the contrary, sprang into magnificent fullness of life with George Eliot and George Meredith. But both types, so divergent often in spirit and in form (still clinging in the works of the English masters to the essential method of the older novel), derive from one source—the scientific generalizations of the sixth and seventh decades of the nineteenth century. To this community of origin there was one notable exception. Solitary and secluded, untouched by the movements of modern thought, Hawthorne, under the haunted skies of Salem, wove into the seamless web of his best novels, an analysis of strange and ancient sins.

In Europe, however, science threatened to engulf the art of fiction. The brothers Goncourt (according to Edmond, the originators of naturalism) compiled their prodigious note-books in search of the incontrovertible fact. George Eliot discoursed in Comtean and Spencerian terms. The wave rose higher. Taine wrote his *Historie de la Littérature Anglaise*, the potent words *heredity* and *environment* hummed in the colourless air, and Zola, the melancholy knight of science, proceeded to illustrate her laws by an appeal to the life of social man. The years passed: a few luminous spirits like Matthew Arnold protested against the universal drab, but science in her not unjustifiable wrath against the intellectual blindness of the past was still relentless. The successive orgies of Mr. Meredith's wit were drenched in scientific thought; Mrs. Ward solemnly rendered into fiction the higher criticism of the Bible; Mr. Hardy grew steadily more embittered by the spectacle of a universe according to Haackel; George Moore "commenced" novelist under the naturalistic banner; and even the sunny Daudet was en-

snared. De Maupassant, almost alone, stood apart. The great, stern realist, the matchless technician, careless of problematic causes, contented himself with etching upon steel the expressive face of life, till, toward the end of his career he paid tribute, in *Pierre et Jean*, that brief and brilliant masterpiece, to a later and profounder method.

We have changed all that. Art no longer has the fear of science before her eyes, no longer attempts to ape the latter's methods. The "experimental novel" is as extinct as the ichthyosaurus whom it resembled in shapeless bulk and monstrous futility. We have grown suspicious of gentlemen who pretend to solve in well-equipped laboratories, not a few useful and even suggestive problems, but the riddle of the eternal world; we have learned quite simply to disregard them when they forbid us in the light of their sweeping solutions, to follow our unconquerable spiritual needs. We have recovered our sense of the insoluble mystery which surges about us like a boundless sea. And it is a brooding consciousness of that mystery which gives to the representative works of modern fiction—to works as totally different from each other in style and colouring as *Evelyn Innes*, *The Light That Failed*, *La Force des Choses* or *Frau Sorge*, their striking interpretative power.

Nevertheless the best heritage of the scientific movement is ours. It shaped the naturalistic novel and the analytic novel from whose union the modern novel springs; it made for probity of observation, both of the soul and of the external world; it rendered forever impossible a facile dogma in whose light to interpret life. It increased art in austerity, power and truth. There is no better illustration of this influence upon the currents of artistic thought than the romantic revival in the English novel at the end of the last century. That movement had nothing in common with the earlier view of romance which Voltaire expressed:

On court, hélas, après la vérité.  
Ah! croyez moi, l'erreur a son mérite.

It was not for the sake of some pleasing delusion that Steven-

son adventured upon the sea of romance; it was in brave search of a more enduring verity than any that the realist had found. Observation of the details of ugly and complex civilizations seemed to him often but to obscure the vital facts of human life. At the core of his romantic novels dwells a grave philosophy. The author of *Treasure Island* was also the author of *Will o' the Mill* and of *Dr. Jeckill and Mr. Hyde*; as to-day the same genial energy has produced *The Man Who Would be King* and *Stalky and Co.*, and also *The Brushwood Boy* and *Kim*, *They* and *At the End of the Passage*. To look for truth—that is what science has taught the art of fiction, but a higher truth than its own, a subtler and more universal, a truth that has as many facets as there are temperaments in whose multi-form mirrors rises an image of the world, a truth which shines not in one place or under one flag, which many men in many ways may elucidate—through *Jane Eyre* or *Esther Waters*, *Indiana* or *Une Vie*, *Kidnapped* or *The Golden Bowl*.

The movements and countermovements indicated here result inevitably in the analytic novel, fortified by that exactitude of observation which naturalism demanded—that is, in the dominant novelistic type of the present and, probably, of the future. It is the short-story rather than the novel that, as a rule, mirrors the visible, the gesture of life alone. Refreshing exceptions abound and will, happily, continue to abound. The purely pictorial novel, as in the bright water-colours of the late Henry Harland, or in the scented tapestries of Mr. Maurice Hewlett, will still be written; and the call of romance, the most ancient call of man's heart, will never be unheeded. But the most serious craftsmen in fiction to-day and in the future will work from within out, from the movements of the soul toward the colour of life in pursuit of a rare and spiritual truth of interpretation.

We have strayed, only apparently, from the question of technique. For as the soul, in the Platonic doctrine, gives form to the body, so it is the aim of the modern novel, that inevitably creates the modern technique of rhythmic and unbroken narrative. When the novelist aimed to portray the aspect and general *ethos* of a whole nation and epoch he passed, as

Thackeray did in *Vanity Fair*, from group to group of characters, alternately following and abandoning the fortunes of each; he harangued, discussed, inferred. For him the ideal style was the style of Thackeray, with its clear outlines, its humour, gravity and urbane charm. A great modern novel portraying a period in the spiritual life of perhaps but a single character can do little with such methods. It must follow its protagonist unswervingly, must see the visible world through his eyes; other characters must live only through their reaction upon him and fade from the book when this function ceases. Thus through five hundred pages of incomparably rhythmic writing—a style like the flowing of clear, wan waters into which fall at evening the colours of the setting sun—we do not, for a moment, lose sight of Evelyn Innes. Her father, Sir Owen Asher, Ulick Dean, these are merely Evelyn's points of contact with the general life of man. They help, through affection or worldly glamour, or the call of dreams, to shape her soul. But we are concerned merely with the yearning and growth of that soul which must at last, like every other, be left solitary with the eternal things. To put the case more simply, since this is the central point of the present argument: Within those reasonable limits of space, which the modern public has wisely chosen, one can but rarely hope to chronicle that intimately personal vision, which *is* life, of more than a single character, from whose point of view the story must naturally be told. And this fundamental limitation ensures, quite obviously, impersonal treatment of the subject matter, unity of note and aim, a continuous surface and an unbroken rhythm. Hence novelists have submitted to this restraint and its resultant technical virtues in whose work the element of analysis scarcely appears. *Kidnapped* and *Catriona*, *Kim* and *The Light That Failed* share the technique of Moore, James and Howells, de Maupassant, Sudermann and D'Annunzio.

#### IV.

The most shining qualities of modern novelistic technique should be stated with greater precision and elaborateness; the modern novelist practices, first of all, economy of material.

His subject is limited in extent and clearly defined; his selection is rigid and excrescences are mercilessly lopped off. No loitering is permitted, no straying into pleasant by-paths of episode; the whole work itself is rather an episode chosen from the confused welter of life. From birth to death is a far journey and few modern novelists adventure upon its entire length — not perhaps for economy's sake alone, but because the mere material facts of birth and death are no longer held to be of themselves of the highest spiritual significance, unless, in truth, death, as in many cases, is not a material accident, but a spiritual or intellectual solution.

Isolation of plot grows naturally from economy of material. The novelist selects the character or group of characters upon whom he wishes to concentrate attention. Now, clearly, every human being is affiliated to the world of man by a thousand threads. We have significant human contact not only through our parents, lovers, or friends, but in a measure through our tailor or our cook. The modern novelist isolates his characters, eliminating all contacts not central to his theme. It is not poverty of creative power but difference of aim and method that has reduced the hundred characters of Dickens to the ten of the modern novel. But, above all, the modern artist strives in his work after unity — unity of note and aim and hence of final impression. "From all its chapters," writes Stevenson, "from all its pages, from all its sentences, the well-written novel echoes and reëchoes its one creative and controlling thought; to this must every incident and character contribute; the style must have been pitched in unison with this; and if there is anywhere a word that looks another way, the book would be stronger, clearer and — (I had almost said) — fuller without it." To sustain a given key of conversation and description, to let the measure or rhythm of narrative harmonize with this key and to let both be the highest sense expressive of the aim and atmosphere of the book — that is a task which gives to the modern novelist's craft a noble severity of labour.

Closeness of web, finally, is the triumphant virtue of the new art. An hundred happy devices contribute to it, an hundred exquisite ingenuities. Conversation, description, narration,

interpenetrate each other in intention and in fact. Each bit of description (as M. Bourget pointed out in the work of Flaubert) not only renders an external fact but expresses simultaneously a psychological moment. Conversation not only exhibits character and accelerates action, but suggests the past. No excellent work of the modern school is so coarse of surface that one may say: This passage is exposition: Here a new character is introduced. Exits and entrances are delicately manipulated and the temporal difficulty is disguised. Even in so admirably constructed a novel of the older type as *Silas Marner* there is no hint of the inevitable flow of unbroken narration. "Such a linen weaver, named Silas Marner . . ." writes George Eliot: "The greatest man in Raveloe was Squire Cass," or: "It was that once hopeful Godfrey who . . . in that fifteenth year of Silas Marner's life at Raveloe . . ." No such obvious devices or rather sign-posts would be tolerated to-day. A new character must glide gradually into the field of vision; the passage of time must be communicated rather than directly expressed; the texture of the book must show neither knot nor loose thread but a continuous, unobtrusive felicity.

Economy of material, isolation of plot, unity of note and aim, closeness of web, a perfect detachment on the author's part!—how many writers, it may be asked, have grappled with their art upon these difficult terms? Many in France, from Flaubert to de Maupassant, from de Maupassant to René Bazin. In England and America, Thackeray in *Esmond*, Hawthorne in the *Scarlet Letter*, George Moore and Henry James, Howells, Stevenson and Kipling; in Germany, Sudermann preëminently and in Italy the author of the *Trionfo dell' Morte*. All these novelists, realistic or romantic, serene of temper or embittered, have understood that it must be the very condition of the novel's existence, as it is of every work of art, to be distinguished from nature "by the precision of its outline, the equilibrium of its parts, the internal logic of its development." To their aim and to their method belongs the future. Every energetic talent which has arisen in recent years, gifted with a sense not only for verbal felicity but for the severer structural beauty of style, has yielded to this immense preoccupation of form.

The powerful genius of Joseph Conrad, the accomplished talent of Mrs. Edith Wharton, have alike fortified their art by the restraints of a rigid technical standard. For, consciously or not, they have understood, as every intelligent craftsman must understand, that upon these conditions and these alone, the novel may cease to be merely an amusing tale or a multi-coloured transcript of the movement of life, and become an art unrivalled in formal beauty and interpretative power, ranking in dignity below the drama of Sophocles and Shakespeare only through that precedence which prose must always yield to the diviner harmony of verse.

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## IBSEN'S *PEER GYNT*—A PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE

Peer Gynt, the loaferish ne'er-do-weel, the irresponsible vagabond and dreamer of the Norse folk-lore, has been transformed by the genius of Ibsen into a figure broadly typical of humanity in some of its most familiar phases. What Goethe has done with the mediæval Faust-legend has been done by Ibsen with the Norwegian "saga." Let us briefly outline the story of Peer Gynt's career, familiar though that career is becoming to the American public, through the daily increasing knowledge of and interest in Ibsen's writings, to which the dramatic interpretation of *Peer Gynt* by the late Richard Mansfield has largely contributed.

(Peer Gynt, the son of a Norwegian peasant woman, has grown up to be a worthless scamp and an idle dreamer. His *forte* is to build castles in the air; to imagine himself as some great prince, or even the Kaiser himself. Whatever deed of prowess he has happened to hear of, he straightway appropriates to himself as the doer of it.) One day Peer's mother is upbraiding him for his general worthlessness, which has resulted in nothing but poverty for them. Peer, in reply, only spins romances of what he has done; of some wonderful ride he has been taking, over mountain and crag, on the back of a reindeer. As his mother breaks out into fresh reproaches at this new instance of folly, Peer, wearying of the old dame's chidings, carries her, despite her struggles, across the stream, and places her, kicking and screaming as she is, on the roof of the mill-house; where he leaves her, while he takes his way to a neighboring farmstead, where a wedding festivity is in progress. None of the wedding party will take him seriously—they know him too well. The farmer-lads ply him with drink to make him spin his wonderful yarns—the girls decline to dance with him. Solveig (a new-comer in the village) the fairest and most modest maiden of them all, shrinks from Peer's advances, while yet she is secretly inclined to him. Peer, disheartened at his reception, and most of all cast down by Solveig's fear and avoidance of him, finally in a spirit of bravado (and under the influence of sundry pulls at the brandy-flask) steals the

bride, who is an erstwhile sweetheart of his, from the timid milksop bridegroom, and carries her away up the mountain-side. A later scene shows Peer already wearied of his stolen bride, Ingrid. He cannot respect her; the image of Solveig, the pure and modest maiden, haunts his thoughts. Leaving the wretched girl whom he has dishonored, he wanders over the mountains, not without sundry loose and vagabond adventures in which figure the Saeter-girls. At length Peer comes to the abode of the Trolls, a weird, uncanny race, who dwell in dark caverns underground. The Troll-king desires to make Peer his son-in-law, but requires, as a condition of the match, that Peer allow his eyes to be slit, so that henceforward he may be a Troll, and see all things as the Trolls see them; that is, may see black as white, big as little, and foul as fair. Peer, however, while ready to yield in certain matters, stands out against finally and irrevocably renouncing his human nature to become a Troll. At this the whole pack of Trolls fall upon him in fury, that they may bite and tear him to death. From such a despicable fate Peer is however saved—as he calls despairingly upon his mother—by the distant sound of church-bells.

But having escaped the Trolls, Peer is now confronted by a new and equally troublesome foe, which blocks his path, and will permit him neither to go forward nor to go around. This the "the great Boyg," a figure formless, cold, slippery, elusive. Peer is unable to get past it, either by going around or by going through, and yet to his repeated and desperate blows the Boyg offers no resistance. Peer's blows have no effect. Exhausted at last by his fruitless and aimless struggle with such an uncanny foe, Peer falls fainting and despairing to the ground, and is once again saved from death only by the thought of Solveig, and the far-off sound of women's voices raised in holy song.

(The opening scene of the third act finds Peer, now condemned as an outlaw, building himself a hut in the depths of the forest. To him, as he is thus engaged, comes Solveig, bringing her pure and maiden heart to share his exile, but Peer after a secret mental struggle, leaves her. For he shrinks from making a clean breast of his sins, or undertaking a thorough-going repentance, while at the same time he fears to mar

Solveig's purity and innocence by his own unworthy association. So he leaves her, ostensibly for a brief interval, but, as the event turns out, for many a long year—even till youth has given place to mature manhood, and manhood to old age. During all the rest of the play, down to the very last scene of the fifth act, Solveig is waiting for her errant Peer in the forest-hut—waiting in unfaltering faith and hope and love.)

And now comes Peer's last visit to his mother, whom he finds dying in want and poverty, due mainly to his own neglect and failure to provide her with anything more substantial than dreams and romancings. The death of Ase (Peer's mother) closes the first period of Peer's life, a chapter over which might be written the superscription—'Heedless, aimless visionary: one who is consistent only in trying to blink the facts of life and shirk its responsibilities; yet who in and through all his wild career, and in spite of everything, still preserves something of the genuinely human—some glimmering recognition of a higher ideal.' He has refused to utterly renounce his manhood by becoming a Troll; he has refused to do anything that would tarnish Solveig's radiant purity and trustful innocence. This much at least (despite all his worthlessness and misconduct) has Peer saved from absolute wreck.)

We can give but a cursory glance at the fourth act, which shows Peer in the middle stage of his worldly career. He has achieved something of what the world terms success; he has gained a fortune, through means which, though not positively unlawful, are yet to say the least, very questionable. Stranded on the African coast through the loss of his steam-yacht, he masquerades as a Prophet, till finally losing purse and Arab steed through the treachery of the dancing-girl Anitra, he makes his way to Egypt, recognizes in the Sphinx his old enigmatical enemy, the Boyg, and is crowned as Emperor of his narrow and paltry realm of *self-hood* by the lunatic disciples of egoism in the mad-house at Cairo.

The fifth act finds Peer an old and world-worn but still vigorous man, who has brought with him from the changes and chances of his zig-zag career a competency sufficient for his old age. He is on board ship, faring home to Norway. A storm

arises; the vessel is wrecked. Peer and the ship's cook find themselves clinging to the same spar, which, however, is unable to support them both; so Peer, following his old, egoistic habit, beats off the cook, who by consequence sinks beneath the waves and is drowned. From this fate Peer is saved; not, however, without a premonition of his own end; for the black figure of Death has appeared above his life's horizon, and is advancing towards him, now perceived, and again, for a little while, or "till the next cross-road," lost sight of. But in the wreck Peer has lost what had remained of his worldly goods, and finds himself as an old man once again where he was before — at the bottom of life's ladder. Unrecognized, he returns to the village of his boyhood days. He has brought back with him nothing but the wrecks of his former dreams and fancyings, and his chaplet of straw, with which he had been crowned "Emperor of himself" in the mad-house at Cairo.

And now there crosses Peer's path another messenger of Death — the Button-Molder, who claims Peer for his casting-ladle. (For Peer has made nothing of himself; his soul is naught but so much formless and characterless material, fit only to be used for the shaping of other souls, which shall be, even as he has been, characterless, insignificant, like so many buttons from the same mold.) From such a mean and despicable fate Peer shrinks. He shrinks from the recognition of his own worthlessness. He pleads that he has not been a great sinner; he has been but "so-so" in his sinning. "Ah! that's just it," says the Button-Molder, "that is just what proves you to be grist for my mill, fit material for my casting-ladle." Peer pleads for time that he may bring witnesses to show that he has accomplished *something*, has been *somebody*, has at least really been *himself*. But his ingrained tendency to dodge the issue and to seek a roundabout course leads him perpetually to seek excuses. To the Lean One (who personifies the Devil) Peer urges his claim to selfhood, on the ground that he has at least *sinned*; but through fear he urges this claim but half-heartedly. The Devil will have nothing to do with him, for Peer has not (to quote the phrase of Luther) 'sinned *boldly*.' He has always sinned in a sneaking, roundabout sort of fashion.

He would now prefer to go to Hell, the Devil's abode, rather than into the casting-ladle; yet even in Hell he wishes to have the door left open behind him, so that if he desires, he may beat a retreat. To the Lean One's polite inquiry as to whether he would like a fire in his room, he answers, "Not too much fire." What then, is to be Peer's final fate? There seems to be for him no escape from the ladle of the Button-Molder. He is certainly not qualified for Heaven, not even, as it appears, is he qualified for Hell. In the extremity of his perplexity and despair, he at last sees a light in the distance. It is his hut, built long years ago in the lonely forest. To it he hastens, and there finds Solveig, whom he had loved so many long, weary years ago. Though her girlhood has fled, and she is now an old woman, still Solveig is awaiting Peer, constant in her faith, hope and love. "*She*, at least," thinks Peer, "can justify my claim to be a sinner; *she* can establish my right to be condemned, and thus save me at least from the casting-ladle." He throws himself at her feet, beseeching her to furnish him with the statement of his sins. But Solveig with that wondrous woman-love, so angelic in its purity and strength and sweetness, instead of giving to Peer the tale of his sins, welcomes him to her side with the heavenly-peaceful greeting:

"Thou hast made all my life as a beautiful song,  
Blessèd be thou that at last thou hast come!  
Blessèd, thrice blessèd our Whitsun-morn meeting!"

And so Peer sinks down under the shelter of Solveig's protecting embrace; saved, at least for the present, and in hope, from the fate of the casting-ladle; though the Button-Molder murmurs from the back-ground,

"We'll meet at the last cross-road again, Peer;  
and *then* we'll see whether — I say no more."

But it is Solveig who, as someone has remarked, has the last word; for Peer, so we may hope and believe, has preserved his personality — something of the image of the Divine "Master" — inasmuch as through all these years he has been living in the heart of Solveig — in her faith, hope and love. There must have been then, after all, something of worth in the rascal,

some spark of loveliness to justify that divine love of Solveig, which is the wifely re-incarnation of the mother-love of the old peasant woman, Ase, who had borne Peer from her womb and nourished him at her breast. And thus Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, like Goethe's *Faust*, finds its climax in that "eternal-womanly" which "draws us above."

*Peer Gynt*, as we have already indicated, may be taken as an allegory of human life. Let us, therefore, try to unravel its somewhat intricate problem, in order that we may at last be in a position to form some just estimate of the theory of life which the play sets forth. In *Peer Gynt* we have a drama of the human soul in its relation to its moral environment, to the great forces which play upon it from without, or work upon and through it from within. In its development through the changes and chances of a typical earthly career, through weakness and failure and consequent loss, we discern in *Peer Gynt* a parable of life. Peer himself is representative of a class of humanity, and of a large class. Not, indeed, of humanity in its highest and heroic development, for Peer is himself the antithesis of a hero; but although, or rather just because Peer does represent a distinctly unheroic type, in his very weaknesses, in his hedging, in his cowardice, he reminds us of what we are ourselves, or at least are inclined to be. The question on which Peer's life hinges is the old question which the Danish prince Hamlet, as depicted by Shakespeare, had put to himself long ago — the question, "To be, or not to be?" But in the case of Peer it was not the mere bald question of existence or non-existence, whether now or after death. The question in Peer's case is a subtler one. Existence — that is, some kind of existence after death, is certain. But the great problem before us here is: Existence of *what kind*? For all souls (such is Ibsen's thought) will have a continuance after death. But of what sort the future existence will be will depend upon what sort of a life shall have been led by the individual in this earthly stage of being. As regarded from the standpoint of our poet-philosopher, there are upon earth two and only two classes of people. But Ibsen's canon of classification is not — at least, is not primarily and directly — the moral one. Rather, it is a

psychological or metaphysical one. In accordance with this standard, people are not classified as good or bad, like the sheep and the goats in the familiar parable of judgment. No! they are classified as those, on the one hand, who have been or who are content merely to *live*, to exist from day to day, satisfying the whims, or gratifying the passions, or allowing themselves to be molded by the environment of the moment; and, on the other hand, those who accentuate their individuality as superior to their environment; those to whom existence as mere existence is not sufficient, is not satisfying; those whose desire and aim and effort it is, not simply to be, but to be something, to be somebody; to achieve self-hood, personality. These two classes of persons include all humankind. And for these two classes two diverse sorts of fate are reserved. Those who have been satisfied with the mere fact of existing; those who have followed the egoist Troll-maxim, "To thyself be sufficient," shall at last be turned into the casting-ladle, there to be melted up into the indistinguishable mass from which future souls are to be fashioned. Such souls will, it is true, continue to exist after death, but not as distinct individuals. Why? Simply because they have not achieved individuality during their earthly career. Neither by good deeds, nor yet by evil, have they given proof of a strong or robust self-hood. They have indeed been egoists in a sense, but only in a false sense. They have indulged the passions or the whims of the moment; but this is not true and genuine egoism. True and genuine egoism means individualism; that is, it means the development of individuality. It is this individuality, the transcendent value of it, the all-surpassing need of it that is Ibsen's message in *Peer Gynt*. "Better be a sinner than a non-entity," says the Norwegian poet-sage. For the trouble with most Norwegians, as with most men everywhere, is not that they are actively and positively bad, but that they are neutral; they are neither the one thing nor the other. Theirs is that Laodicean spirit to which the Son of Man utters the stinging rebuke—"I would that thou wert cold or hot. But because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." As they have been non-

entities while here on earth, so their future existence will be simply — nonentity.

But what of the others? of those who, instead of following the Troll-maxim, "To thyself be sufficient," have followed the genuine human maxim, "Be thyself?"—what of those who through thick and thin, through deeds, whether bad or good, have achieved some sort of character? Well, in achieving character they have reproduced something of the image of their Divine Original; something of the ideal type which they were intended to realize. It is like the negative likeness which is taken upon a photographic plate, wherein the bright shades of the original are represented by dark, and the direction of all lines is reversed. But yet from this negative likeness a positive image can finally be produced; albeit in the process of development there is need of acids that bite and of baths that burn. In the words which the Lean One addresses to Peer, (Act V. Scene X),

"You know they have lately discovered in Paris  
a way to take portraits by help of the sun.  
One can either produce a straightforward picture,  
or else what is known as a negative one.  
In the latter, the lights and shades are reversed,  
and they're apt to seem ugly to common-place eyes;  
But, for all that, the likeness is latent in them,  
and all you require is to bring it out.  
If, then, a soul shall have pictured itself  
in the course of its life by the negative method,  
The plate is not, therefore, entirely cashiered,—  
but, without more ado, they consign it to me.  
I take it in hand, then, for further treatment,  
and by suitable methods effect its development.  
I steam it, I dip it, I burn it, I scour it,  
with sulphur, and other ingredients like that,  
Till the image appears which the plate was designed for—  
that, namely, which people call positive.  
But"—[and here is the disagreeable message for the  
disconsolate Peer]—  
"But if one like you, has smudged himself out,  
neither sulphur nor potash avails in the least."

(As we have seen, the great question upon which the drama turns is the question whether or not Peer has, during his earthly sojourn achieved *personality*. In other words, has he

made of himself a fit subject for "the Master" (God), or for the Lean One (the Devil), the latter being God's agent who through evil finally works out good? Or, again, as the remaining alternative, is Peer, as being a fit subject neither for God nor yet for the Devil, only so much material for the Button-Molder, to be thrown into the casting-ladle, and melted up for fashioning into other like characterless and expressionless souls? From this latter fate Peer shrinks far more than he does from hell itself. For even in hell one at least *remembers*—one still retains his identity. And there is always the possibility of ultimate deliverance; for "while there is life, there is hope." But to be cast into the Button-Molder's ladle—this is indeed a sorry finish; nay! it is gloom unlighted by a single ray; it is the fathomless depth of extinction. For he who is punished has at least one hold upon existence, namely, in his relation to law. Even though the criminal's *raison d'être* (so far, that is, as he is a criminal) be, to be punished, still, even so, he *has a raison d'être*. But he who is rejected as unworthy even of punishment—for him, indeed, there is no hope; his 'ego' is simply obliterated, his personality gone—snuffed out, like the flame of a candle into "the blackness of darkness forever."

Before endeavoring to estimate the value and test the adequacy of the theory of life inculcated by Ibsen in *Peer Gynt*, let us pause for a moment or two to take note of the fitness of the form of this remarkable dramatic poem to its subject-matter. Though it is not our purpose to discuss the merits or demerits of *Peer Gynt* from the artistic point of view, still we cannot forbear to speak in passing of the appropriateness of the frame-work of the play to the thought which it embodies. While in its ultimate bearings the play is most broadly human, yet, in its first intention it is intimately Norwegian. (It is full of the flavor and colour and atmosphere of old Norway.) One cannot but feel the mystery of silent forest and fathomless fiord; the majesty of the stern and rugged mountains, in whose caverns lurk the weird race of Trolls. With Peer, one dreamily gazes upon the floating glories of the clouds, to which vagrant fancy gives all sorts of picturesque meanings;

one feels the awe-inspiring fury of the storm at sea; the gray half-lights of the long gloaming impart to our thoughts a vaguely, mystically mournful cast; until at length comes the joy-bringing light and glory of the sun, as it rises upon the peaceful Whitsun-morn.

In witnessing the play, one feels that he is looking upon a phantasmagoria — a succession of pictures between which the link of dramatic connection and necessity is now and again hard to perceive. The dramatic element is, in truth, not by any means the strongest element in the play. Ibsen himself said that it was much easier to write a dramatic poem like *Brand* or *Peer Gynt*, "in which you can bring in a little of everything," than "to carry through a severe logical sequence for the stage, like that of *John Gabriel Borkman*."<sup>1</sup> And again Ibsen adds, "*Peer Gynt* is not intended for the stage at all . . . . It is the antithesis of *Brand*; many consider it my best work. . . . It is wild and formless, written without regard to consequences."<sup>2</sup> It is a natural consequence that *Peer Gynt* is a difficult piece to put upon the stage; indeed, it is only by a great deal of cutting that it has been made available at all. Peculiarly fortunate has this drama-poem been in the musical embellishment and interpretation which it has received from the sympathetic genius of Edvard Grieg in his *Peer Gynt Suites*.

The framework of the play, so far as its thought is concerned, combines Christian elements with those drawn from the old Norse folk-lore. In its pages, rollicking humor alternates with profound sadness. Bernard Shaw has spoken of the play as a comedy, but to my mind the tragic element is almost equally in evidence; Melpomene vies with Thalia in furnishing to the poet his inspiration. The rude vigor of peasant-life is here; the blunt straightforwardness of peasant-speech and character. Here again, are the keen sarcasm and biting irony of the critic of manners and morals; grim humor, yet giving place to infinite tenderness. The symbolism of the play is mostly taken from

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<sup>1</sup> *Ibsen*, p. 129; by Haldane Macfall, Morgan Shepard Co., New York and San Francisco, 1907.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 138.

stern Nature and rough peasant-life. Elegance, whether of poetical form or in the characters presented, is totally lacking. There is almost a complete absence of the suggestion of the conventional forms of polite life. No woman of the world figures in these scenes; men of worldly polish only in the brief episodes in the fourth act, where the typical German, Frenchman, Swede and American make their appearance.

Those who are familiar with the first of Carlyle's lectures on *Heroes and Hero-Worship*,<sup>3</sup> will have recognized in *Peer Gynt* something of the flavor of that old Nature-life and Nature-worship, the suggestion of which still runs in the blood of us far-away descendants of old "Saxon and Norman and Dane." May not Carlyle's words, in speaking of the ancient Eddas and Sagas be applied to this product of Ibsen's modern pen? "These old Norse songs have a *truth* in them, an inward perennial truth and greatness—as, indeed, all must have that can very long preserve themselves by tradition alone. It is a greatness, not of mere body and gigantic bulk, but a rude greatness of soul. There is a sublime, uncomplaining melancholy traceable in these old hearts. A great, free glance into the very depths of thought. They seem to have seen—these brave old Northmen—what Meditation has taught all men in all ages—That this world is after all but a show—a phenomenon or appearance; no real thing. . . .

"Superior sincerity consoles us for the total want of old Grecian grace. Sincerity, I think, is better than grace. I feel that these old Northmen were looking into Nature with open eye and soul; most earnest, honest; child-like and yet man-like; with a great-hearted simplicity and depth and freshness, in a true, loving, admiring and unfearing way . . . .

"The Norse lore, rough as the Norse rocks . . . . with a heartiness, homeliness, even with a tint of good humour and robust mirth in the middle of these" [awe-inspiring powers of Nature]. Carlyle finds in the old Norse Paganism a worship of Nature's powers and forces—of lightning and thunder, of storm and sweet sunlight—ere yet the Christian faith had

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<sup>3</sup>"The Hero as Divinity."

taught our rude forefathers that the true ideal is the spiritual ideal; that the great eternal distinction is the distinction between moral Good and moral Evil. May we not apply this thought in forming an estimate of *Peer Gynt*? May we not see in Ibsen's philosophy, with its message, "Be *something*; be *somebody*, whether for weal or for woe," a revival of that old Scandinavian worship of *strength* as the chief, or rather as the only good in life? Ibsen is seeking to hold the mirror up before his fellow-countrymen — degenerate sons of noble sires — that they may read in Peer's weaknesses the delineation of their own. He would sting, he would rouse them from their sluggishness and their timidity. He would say to them, "*Be* what you will; only *will* what you *shall be*; anything is better than colorless indecision, lukewarm inactivity or the futile pursuit of fragmentary aims."

Again, in *Peer Gynt* we recognize the reappearance in modern form of the old Scandinavian or Teutonic reverence for woman. It is Solveig's tenderness, Solveig's unfaltering faith, that redeems, or at least makes redemption possible for Peer. It is the same thought that underlies Gretchen's relation to Faust in the world-epic of Goethe. But yet, as we have seen, *Peer Gynt* (like *Faust* again) is lacking in the inner connection of dramatic necessity. Why does Peer leave Solveig? why does Faust leave Marguerite? No adequate dramatic, because no adequate moral reason can be assigned. Once again the question forces itself upon us—"Is a man good by virtue of the fact that a fond, devoted woman believes him to be good? Can her faith in him, her hope for him, her love of him atone for the lack of moral fibre in his character, or of moral purpose in his life? Is it not, after all, unmanly to hide behind a woman's skirts? And what shall we say of the oracular maxim, 'Be yourself, right or wrong, and regardless of the consequences?' Is this a sound rule for that most important and difficult business — the conduct of life? How many a youth or maiden has been led astray by the idea that the path of duty is the path of colorless commonplace — that power, distinction, charm, fascination, are to be achieved only through transgression. If, however, the moral law be in reality the law of man's highest,

truest being, does it not follow that it is only by living in accordance with this law as the supreme norm, that will, purpose, character, are to be developed? The individualism and anarchism of Ibsen's philosophy fail before the highest moral test. Tennyson strikes a truer note when he sings,

Howe'er it be, it seems to me  
'Tis only noble to be good.

The real lesson which *Peer Gynt*, though it be in a negative way, can teach, is that man needs for his guidance some objective, higher ideal, towards which he must strive, and according to which he must fashion his life. The world's Redeemer is not "the eternal-womanly;" but "the head of every man is Christ." To say to a man, "Be thyself," is only to offer him an abstraction — instead of bread, it is to give him a stone. For the crucial question is, By what test is a man to distinguish the true from the false self? Is it not by the touchstone which is found in the life and character of the Divine Galilean, of Him whom Goethe acknowledged to be the Sun in the moral firmament of man? Mere individualism is not the key to interpret the mystery of life; for it is itself in need of being interpreted by a higher principle. If the "faith, hope and love" of Solveig can redeem Peer, the principle and basis of that faith, hope and love must be sought and found not in weak man or weaker woman, but in Him who is, in Tennyson's noble phrase, "Strong Son of God, immortal Love."

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## REVIEWS

THE GREATNESS AND DECLINE OF ROME. By Guglielmo Ferrero.  
5 vols. New York: George P. Putnam's Sons.

CHARACTERS AND EVENTS OF ROMAN HISTORY. By Guglielmo Ferrero.  
New York: George P. Putnam's Sons.

Signor Ferrero's great work on Rome has now been translated into English as far as it has been written. From the first chapter it was apparent that we were in the presence of an epoch-making book, and each volume as it has issued from the press has only enforced the conviction. Roman history can never be written again as it was written before this clear-eyed Italian threw on it the search-light of his genius. It is not merely that he has availed himself of the latest discoveries. Anyone could do that. His singularly penetrating intellect looks straight through the motives of the men who died so many years ago. He sets them before us as they were, and he makes us understand the environment that shaped their destinies. It is not the new discoveries that make his book so important. It is the way in which he handles the old material accessible to all. By his keen analysis he gives it a new meaning, and his presentation is as convincing as it is novel. He is not one of the freak historians of whom we have had so many of recent years, who seek to beatify a Cataline or a Nero in order to make the groundlings stare. The novelty of his views is in their supreme common sense. Nor is he one of that recent school whose business it is to write the "true" biographies of men, by which they mean biographies which deal only with their faults and foibles and which are devoted to belittling and bemeaning the subject. The great men of Rome do not suffer at his hands. They remain great, but they become human, and their motives become intelligible.

Though his book is so revolutionary, it is not controversial. It is a masterpiece of lucid and rapid narration. The reader follows it with more interest than a novel. The characters are so firmly drawn that they live before us, and the events in which they take part are infinitely more exciting than those of

ordinary fiction, involving as they do, some of the world's most terrible cataclysms.

His first great service is to abolish the deified Cæsar that Mommsen conjured up from a mind heated with devotion to the German Kaiser—a Cæsar who made no mistakes save in being merciful; who saw the end from the beginning, and worked and fought with an eye single to his country's good. Instead, Signor Ferrero gives us the real Cæsar, a man of transcendent genius, of lightning-like rapidity of decision, of a course that bordered on recklessness, of a magnanimity rare in any age, but still a man; groping in darkness like the rest of us, sometimes missing the true way, sometimes building wiser than he knew, dazzled and misled by the example of Alexander the Great, and with no very clear idea of what he aimed at beyond the establishment of his own supremacy. Upon his relations with Gaul, of whose importance to the empire he seems to have had scant notions, and which he considered a mere stepping-stone to Oriental conquest; and upon his position when he had overthrown his enemies, our author casts a flood of light.

In the third volume, dealing with the anarchy that followed Cæsar's death, Signor Ferrero is no doubt as intelligible as it is possible for a man to be; but the times were so confused, the purposes of men so changeable and for the most part so unworthy, the alliances so shifting, that even the clearest statement leaves in the mind a sense of incomprehension. When we lay down the volume it is with a recollection of a disordered scene of treachery and blood, where a lot of men, mostly small and mean, are cutting one another's throats in the hope of booty. This is not the author's fault. He is writing history, not making it; and it is impossible to make of those evil days anything save a carnival of selfishness and crime.

The matter in which Signor Ferrero is most revolutionary is in dealing with the relations between Antony and Cleopatra. Beneath his pitiless analysis the old myth vanishes. The Antony who threw away the world for a woman's love passes into the region of romance. Instead, we have a rough soldier of moderate ability who at the instigation of a cunning

woman seeks with her riches and his army to wrest from Rome half her provinces, and to establish for himself an empire in the East. It was the discovery of his treachery by his officers, still devoted to the cause of Rome, and not his love for Cleopatra, that caused the flight from Actium. He had miscalculated his power over them, and when he discovered that they were about to turn against him, he could only sail away. The fact that he embarked with all his treasures is sufficient proof that he did not intend to fight.

Perhaps the most important part of the work is that devoted to Augustus and the establishment of the empire, showing how the cruel, treacherous, cowardly and ungrateful youth, who shed the blood of Rome's best men with a cold, sinister ferocity that reminds one of Robespierre and Couthon, and yet was seized with a panic fear that made him actually sick whenever the hour of battle arrived and his own precious skin was imperiled, developed gradually into the august and beneficent emperor. No similar transformation is recorded in history, and we cannot say that it is here made entirely comprehensible; but at least Signor Ferrero gives us a picture which for clearness and intelligibility far surpasses any that we have had in the past. He particularly makes us understand the contest that was going on between the Romans of the old school, who adhered to the ancient traditions of sobriety and virtue, with the old, hard, narrow outlook on life, and those of the new, devoted to the culture of Greece and permeated by the vices of the Orient. Augustus, a wise and prudent man, inclined to the former and passed many laws at their instance, only to find their enforcement impossible.

He relieves Augustus of the common charge of corrupting the people and seeking the establishment of imperial power in his own house. He demonstrates to the satisfaction of any fair-minded man that, sick and weary, Augustus was sincere in his desire to lay down his power, but that it was forced upon him. And here is something that Signor Ferrero does not explain, which is perhaps inexplicable—the strange absence of ambition on the part of the Romans of that time, their unwillingness to accept responsibilities, to do and dare. Of

course, it is obvious that, worn out by civil war and butchery, men wanted rest. But that does not account for the utter lethargy that fell upon them, the almost universal desire for a life of Epicurean enjoyment. France, during the Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, went through a period almost as strenuous; but her young men were never more passionately alive, more anxious to assert themselves than under the Bourbon Restoration. Led by Victor Hugo and the Romanticists, they showed all the vigor of their ancestors. Why were the Romans under Augustus so dead to ambition that men to command the armies and govern the state could scarcely be found? Some day our author may tell us the reason.

The volume of essays is scarcely inferior to the history in interest. Lectures written for public delivery, they are popular in style, but full of suggestion.

The first one, on *Corruption in Ancient Rome*, is very illuminating. It proves that what the Romans called corruption was in fact the process of evolution that goes on in all societies, and which is as inevitable as the growth of a tree. It shows that the luxury which so shocks the ancient moralists was far behind what is found in our modern capitals, and is there looked upon as a matter of course and almost without reprobation. But one thing he does not explain — why was luxury so much more destructive to the stamina of the race than it is to-day? I suspect that it was due to the institution of slavery in a condition of society where many of the shrewdest men and most beautiful women were mere chattels under the absolute dominion of their masters. Would that our clear-sighted author might give us an analysis of the consequences of slavery among the ancients.

The essay on Nero goes far to render the monster comprehensible. Signor Ferrero does not mitigate his crimes nor seek to throw a glamor over his career, as have some recent writers. He shows him as he was; but he helps to make us understand how such a beast could be.

The essay on *Wine in Roman History* is perhaps the most instructive. It is a powerful argument in the hands of the

prohibitionists. It is generally supposed that wine was the customary beverage of the Romans. Signor Ferrero demonstrates, however, that in the days of Rome's true greatness, it was drunk only on solemn occasions; that it came in along with other oriental vices, and that the Romans degenerated in proportion to its use. This, coming from an Italian who no doubt takes his bottle of Chianti or asti spumante every day, is a strong admission.

The essay on *The Development of Gaul* is most informing. We all know that Cæsar's conquest proved the bulwark of the Empire, turning back the tide of barbarian invasion even when Italy herself succumbed; but few realize how quickly the Gauls assimilated Roman civilization, how rich, how prosperous, how refined they became within a few years after their annexation. To find anything analogous we must turn to Japan, those Frenchmen of the farther East.

The translation seems good throughout. There are a few slips. For example, Rhodes, whose name appears rather frequently in the last volume, masquerades under its Italian name of Rodi.

GEORGE B. ROSE.

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FLORENTINE SCULPTORS OF THE RENAISSANCE. By Wilhelm Bode.  
London: Methuen & Co.

This is a valuable work, but it is not for the general reader. It is not a history of Florentine sculpture. It is not even a study of the several masters. It is an investigation of a number of sculptural works for the purpose of ascertaining their authorship. For this, no one is better adapted than the learned director of the Berlin Museum, whose knowledge of art is perhaps unrivaled in its extent and variety. Such investigations are essential, and those which are revealed here are important. No one can hereafter write the history of sculpture in Florence without reference to this volume. But it is hard reading for any save a specialist. To such it appeals as a work of great interest. It is mostly controversial, showing the folly of various rival attributions; and it must be said that the

learned author seems to have the best of the argument. His knowledge is so encyclopaedic that he can bring to his support an overwhelming array of facts, and he bears down his adversary by sheer weight of illustrative comparisons.

There are various types of art experts. A few years ago the iconoclasts seemed to have the field. They devoted themselves to proving that nobody ever did anything, and that the vast array of masterpieces attributed by tradition to the old masters were all the work of unknown pupils. Then there is the school of hero worshippers, who delight to take some man formerly considered of second rate importance, and by attributing to him every fine thing that might by any possibility have come from his brush or chisel, make of him one of the giants of art. Of this type of book Miss Cruttwell's recent work on Verrochio is a fair example. Dr. Bode belongs to neither school. His specialty is to increase the number of works attributed to the great masters. For example, it is generally supposed that no sculpture from Leonardo's hand has come down to us. Dr. Bode, however, thinks that he can identify four reliefs as the work of that supreme genius. It may be so. Indeed, he makes it seem at least very probable. This type of criticism is certainly far more interesting than that of the iconoclasts; and proceeding upon these lines in the acquisition of hitherto unrecognized masterpieces, Dr. Bode is making of the Museum at Berlin one of the world's most important collections.

The book is admirable; but it should have been entitled "Inquiries Touching the Authenticity and Authorship of Certain Works of Florentine Sculpture." Then it would be purchased only by those who are interested in such investigations.

G. B. R.

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FEDRA. By Gabriele d'Annunzio. Milan: Fratelli Treves.

So great is d'Annunzio's fame that one turns to any book that he publishes with a certain interest; and with each succeeding volume the disappointment deepens. In our day we have witnessed the premature decay of more than one literary reputation. When Stephen Phillips produced *Marpessa* and

*Paolo and Francesca* it looked as if a star of the first magnitude had appeared above the horizon; but every year we have seen its brightness wane until now it is almost eclipsed. When d'Annunzio first began to publish his books, revealing a beauty of rhythmic diction hitherto unknown to Italian prose and scarcely equaled in any language, it seemed, too, that a genius of the first rank had come. He was a decadent of the decadents, but an artist in language such as the world has rarely seen. But when he took up the pen to write the infamous *Il Fuoco*, in which for a little gold he laid bare all the secrets of his amour with Duse, the gods forsook him. His style which had been as clear as a crystal brook and as melodious as Schubert's music, became tortured and involved. The reading of him, which had been such a delight, became a task. And, worst of all, the book was dull. Even its unsavory details do not lend interest to its pretentious emptiness.

Since then d'Annunzio has been going from bad to worse. In *La Figlia di Iorio* there was a momentary return of something of the old fire; but it was only a flash. Certainly *Fedra* will add nothing to his reputation. The Fratelli Treves have brought it out in sumptuous style; but the work of the printer cannot conceal the essential emptiness of the text.

After Euripides and Racine had handled so nobly the unhappy love of Phaedra for her husband's son, it required great courage for another to essay the theme, and only the ability to say something worth while could justify the venture. D'Annunzio has brought no new inspiration, no new thought. He only degrades and brutalizes the characters and robs them of our sympathy.

I know that there are a few who prefer the tortured diction of d'Annunzio's later works, with their archaic words and forced accentuations to the clear beauty of the earlier. They find in them a distinction which the others lack. There is no settling a dispute about tastes, and they may be right; but I confess I find it all a weariness of the flesh. There are people who pride themselves on a love for literature that is artificial and which makes no appeal to the great heart of humanity. Verily they find their reward in the later works of d'Annunzio; but to the ordinary mortal that reward seems to be dross and tinsel.

G. B. R.

THE YOUNG MALEFACTOR: A STUDY IN JUVENILE DELINQUENCY. By Thomas Travis, Ph.D. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.

The main theses which this treatise is intended to support are (1) that "at least ninety per cent and probably ninety-eight per cent of juvenile first covert offenders are normal as to their physical, mental and ethical conditions; (2) that there are no physical 'stigmata' of either crime or types of crime (as the school of Lombroso maintains) but only of abnormality or degeneracy; (3) that the treatment of the normal delinquent should be primarily the influence of strong personality exerted in the atmosphere of a home, natural or foster." These propositions seem to be, on the whole, confirmed by the facts which the author has collected, largely from a first-hand and personal investigation of cases. It is the fact that it is founded upon personal and careful investigation which gives to Dr. Travis's book its chief interest and value. This may be illustrated by a few examples: "Repeated counts were made among students and popular audiences, with the following results: every single 'stigma' mentioned by the Italian school as typical of the criminal was found among ordinary people. Some of them were found in practically as large a per cent of cases among the normal as among the delinquent cases; especially thick hair and abnormality of palate, for example. . . . Outstanding ears and defective dentition were common (pp. 65, 66). . . . Again:—"The State Insane Asylum (of Connecticut) at Middletown contains about 1,100 patients. Most of these were examined with sufficient care to note the occurrence of 'stigmata.' A hundred of them, fifty men and fifty women, were examined carefully by the writer, and the singularities tabulated; with the result that every 'stigma' save one described by the Italian school was found there in at least as great numbers and as sinister combinations as Lombroso reports of the criminal. Projecting ears, thick head hair, thin beard, abnormal hair on female faces, projecting frontal eminences, large jaws, prognathous jaws, large cheek bones and frequent gesticulations were found in more than fifteen per cent of cases. At least one 'stigma' not mentioned elsewhere to the writer's knowledge, was discovered, and the percentage of strikingly abnormal,

grotesque heads was greater than that observed in any penal institution" (p. 76).

Dr. Travis raises the question (p. 85) which has been under such frequent discussion of late: Is the malefactor insane, in the sense accepted by medical men, *i. e.* accurately and not metaphorically? His answer is that most malefactors are not insane.

An interesting classification is given (p. 101 ff.) of causes leading to delinquency or crime, under the heads of (1) Will, (2) Heredity, (3) Environment; a number of particular causes being specified under each head.

Very interesting and significant is the account given (on p. 225 ff.) of the development in recent years of the treatment of juvenile delinquency by the courts. "Before the differentiation of delinquency from crime, the offender was treated impersonally; whether an abnormal child, a poor child, or a mischievous one committed theft, it was all the same as far as the court was concerned. The law was not administered for offenders, but for offences. All the three classes mentioned received the same "penalty," for that is the only fit word; they did not receive treatment.

"But the law discovered that it must distinguish; it must treat, and not merely punish. The lowest application of the letter of the law was seen to be not only unjust but disastrous, defeating its very purpose, especially when applied to juveniles in this impersonal sense. The children did not understand the difference between naughtiness and illegality, nor did the enforcement of the law teach them. They came as children, homeless, guardianless, bad, and at last the law recognized that it must receive them in the same spirit; it must bridge the chasm between the judge and the State father; these two functions are united in the latest and best legal method devised for handling the delinquent — the children's court. The greatest product of legal evolution during the past decade has been the juvenile court. By this is meant not merely a separate place for trial, but the court and its organization of associated child-saving methods. Most of all is meant the evolution of the function of the judge to combine the office of court president

and regulator with that of State father to its wards. The purpose of the child's court is to give separate, personal and adapted treatment to each offender, with a view to preventing delinquency from hardening into criminal life."

It should be added that Judge Lindsey of the Denver Juvenile Court, who writes the Introduction to the present volume, is himself probably the leading example upon the bench to-day of success in what might be called the legal-reformative method of dealing with youthful delinquents.

To sum up this brief and necessarily inadequate survey; we must say that despite the presence of some of the ear-marks of a Ph.D. thesis, we have found this a very readable book. Certainly it deals with matters of grave concern to all good citizens. We agree with Judge Lindsey that it is to be heartily commended to parents, teachers and pastors, as well as to those who are brought into official contact with juvenile crime or misdemeanor; for it is the former classes of persons after all—rather than the courts—who deal most with juvenile delinquents.

W. S. B.

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THE TRAGEDY OF MAN. By Imre Madrach. Translated by William N. Loew. New York: The Arcadia Press.

One of the many poems produced as a result of Goethe's *Faust* is this extraordinary Hungarian Drama. In fifteen scenes it undertakes to present, in abridgement, the entire history of civilized man, imagining that Adam is made to dream himself as a personality appearing at the crucial moment of each period, and meeting Eve in some corresponding incarnation. From the blessed sloth of Eden to the hideous slaveries of Egypt, from the futile intellectuality of the Athenian Democracy to the sensual imperialism of Rome, on through the Middle Age and the Renaissance, the French Revolution, modern competitive civilization, through the achieved socialistic ideal to the last glimmerings of human life on the dying planet, we are carried forward with a Byronic swiftness to the final evaluation of human life.

It is in no continuous scheme or wider race-vision that man shall take comfort. The task set by each day, fulfilled courage-

ously and sweetly, shall make man's history in its entirety precious, because each sequent part thereof has had its unique if unrelated worth to specific individuals and social groups. Not to know but to believe, not to achieve but to strive, these are the watchwords which the Lord, summarizing the else disappointing story of the race, endeavors to inculcate.

Unluckily, the translator knows but little English. It is veritable agony to endure his unidiomatic diction and construction. As for his notions of English blank verse, they are the crudest possible. The last paragraph, however, of his preface speaks for itself and makes further comment unnecessary:

"All I know is, that if my ability as a translator of Hungarian into English would be in equal ratio with the love and the devotion with which I made the translation, I'd fear no criticism however severe and exacting. I assure the gentle reader I have done my work "*con amore*."

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TWO DRAMATIZATIONS FROM VERGIL. Arranged and translated into English verse by Frank Justus Miller. The University of Chicago Press.

Students of drama are already indebted to Professor Miller for his painstaking and well-edited translation of Seneca's Plays. The purpose of this effort to dramatize two episodes of the *Æneid* — *Dido*, namely and *The Fall of Troy* — is a wholly worthy one; and when considered from the point of view set forth in the preface — that is as a pedagogical expedient and not as literature, it deserves its meed of praise.

Unfortunately we cannot agree with Professor Miller's fundamental assumption that "the Epic is a drama on gigantic scale." Those parts of the story which would be likely to prove most effective in epic song would fail to impress us when dramatically presented, and the *scènes à faire* from the dramatists' point of view will be indicated merely, or taken for granted by the epic poet. From this it results naturally enough that Professor Miller's two little dramas are static beyond anything that Maeterlinck ventured upon; are mere "talk" and "back talk" without a vital *raison d'être* in the issuance thence of real action. The use besides of the iambic

hexameter makes the "talk" drag even more than the expressed thought or sentiment would warrant. To our mind of course Vergil would be better praised by original dramas on independent themes taken out of his immortal epic. The prolonged study, however of Seneca may have made such a thing impossible to Professor Miller.

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AMERICAN CHARITIES. By Amos G. Warner, Ph.D. New Edition revised and enlarged by Mary Roberts Coolidge. New York: Thos. Y. Crowell & Co.

This volume is one of a series set forth under the title of *Crowell's Library of Economics and Politics*. It presents in clear and attractive form a large mass of facts which are of the greatest concern to every public-minded citizen, as well as to those who are students of sociology and civics. These facts have to do with the causes of Poverty, Degeneration and Crime; they lie at the basis of the various problems connected with the socially dependent classes; they have their bearing upon the administration of Charities, both public and private, as well as upon methods of such administration. An invaluable manual, both for students of sociology and for those who are actively engaged in philanthropic effort.

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THE GREATER ENGLISH POETS OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By William Morton Payne, LL.D. John Lane Co.

The twelve papers on the poets which Mr. Payne singles out as the greater and more significant of the nineteenth century, are of varying merit. Those in which he treats of Arnold, Swinburne, Rossetti and Morris, bear evidence of a fine personal enthusiasm that is not without infectious quality.

But the modern watchword "Literature for Life" is quite clearly understood by our critic as literature for philosophic instruction and moral suasion. The failure for instance to perceive any deep prophetic import in John Keats's great odes, would naturally explain his over-estimate of Alfred Tennyson's deliberately didactic verse. We sympathise with him strongly in his effort to readjust our perspective towards Browning, un-

derstanding him rather as an emotional than as an intellectual poet.

Taking them all in all these papers make good reading, and the many quotations from other critics and commentators atone perhaps for a lack of individual audacity in thought and brilliancy of statement. We take pleasure in recommending the book to students of modern poetry.

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**SOCIAL AND RELIGIOUS IDEALS.** By Artemus Jean Haynes, M.A. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1907.

This little volume is made up of concise and pithy reflections in paragraphic form, much like the "apophthegms" of some of the older writers. Each paragraph has a heading of its own, indicating the particular topic of practical or applied Christianity with which it deals. The tone of these "apophthegms" is humanitarian and liberal rather than distinctively theological. The volume seems likely to prove helpful as well as suggestive.

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**THE BEAUTY OF GOD.** By John Hood, A.M., M.D. Baltimore: J. Hanahan. 1908.

We have here a series of devout meditations upon the main facts of Christian Revelation, developed with reference to its supreme principles of Light, Life and Love. The point of view is not that of the professed theologian or the critical scholar; but rather that of the devout layman, who is at the same time a man of science. Especially suggestive and helpful is the chapter which deals with the Incarnation. Through failure, however, to consider the passage (St. John xvi. 13) in the original Greek, or even in the Revised Version, Dr. Hood is led to give a mistaken interpretation of the words spoken by our Lord concerning the Holy Spirit—"He shall not speak of himself." The Greek word (*ἀπὸ*) which is here translated in the Authorized Version by the English preposition 'of' would be more accurately rendered in accordance with present-day usage by 'from;' and this would give to our Lord's statement an entirely different meaning from that which Dr. Hood has here set forth. We have noted a number of typographical errors.

WAVERLY SYNOPSIS. By J. Walker McSpadden. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

The editors of this book inform us that "here, in a little pocket volume of less than three hundred compact pages, the author has compressed the essential facts and characters found in 12,000 large pages, which comprise the *Waverly Novels*." In other words the busy reader or indolent school boy can now take his Scott in compressed, predigested tablets. It is not easy to see the value of such a book, or the use to which it can be put.

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A PRIMER OF AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Abby Willis Howes. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co.

This little volume is more than a mere dry outline of facts and list of dates. Perpared by a teacher who evidently understands just what the pupil should learn in regard to the leading American authors and their writings, the book shows unusual powers of discrimination and selection; it is not overloaded with footnotes and critical apparatus, but contains suitable references and suggestions for outside reading. It is written in easy and attractive style well adapted to pupils in elementary and high schools, and it is clear and orderly in arrangement.

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THE THIRD CIRCLE. By Frank Norris. Introduction by Will Irwin. New York: John Lane Co.

When Frank Norris died, in 1902, it was felt elsewhere as on the Pacific Coast, that a story writer of unusual strength and power had been lost to American literature. As the author of *The Pit* and *The Octopus*, he will long be remembered. In the present volume bearing the title of the initial sketch, the effort is made to collect and preserve "the longest and most important of his prentice products" written within the decade previous to the gifted author's early death. There are sixteen sketches in all and each is entitled to the place given it upon its own peculiar merits rather than, as was the evident intention of the editor, of exhibiting therein the growth and development of the author's imagination and technique.

SIXPENNY PIECES. By A. Neil Lyons, Author of *Arthur's*. New York: John Lane Co.

The extensive practice of a doctor in the purlieus of Mile End Road, London, who boasted an income of twelve hundred a year derived entirely from sixpence fees (spot cash), furnishes the materials for the forty-two sketches of character in this book of about three hundred pages. The author describes himself therein as "the representative of an inexpensive but celebrated newspaper;" and judging from his style, his description is probably truthful. There is a subtle humor in the sketches, not unmixed with pathos, and all are presented in a manner to convince the reader that they are accurate pictures of the people described and of the classes for which the people stand.

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OVER AGAINST GREEN PEAK. By Zephine Humphrey. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

A bright, entertaining, readable account of the experiences and impressions of three well bred women who move from the city to the country, where they buy an old house and settle down to peace and quiet, looking forward to harmony and repose for the remainder of their lives. The subject is well conceived, and the incidents of getting settled — the library, the family horse, housekeeping experiments, the garden and orchard, and the rural community — and the shocks of getting shaken down to their new surroundings and new neighbors are admirably described. Most excellent light reading with a delicious atmosphere of fancy and playful wit.

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A LITTLE LAND AND A LIVING. By Bolton Hall. New York: The Arcadia Press.

In this little book Mr. Hall not only attempts but succeeds in showing that country life pays. Not only does it pay, but it is interesting and satisfying as an occupation. This is most entertaining and instructive reading. Probably no one disputes that intelligent farming pays. The difficulty arises over the tedium of waiting for results, and the traditional sordidness and physical discomfort of farming as a

means of livelihood. Mr. Hall shows that none of these inheres in farming, but that upon only a small piece of land, a moderate family can live with greater comfort, independence, and enjoy greater conveniences than in the city. It is good reading for the general reader; and in so far as it suggests an opportunity for freedom and independence to sufferers from the overcrowding and pinching competition of the cities, it is a valuable contribution to sociological literature.

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INTO THE NIGHT: A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS. By Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

New Orleans, always a romantic city, furnishes the setting; and members of the Mafia whose murder of Chief of Police Hennessey, and their execution at the hands of the people, in the early nineties, furnish the suggestion of a plot for the story contained in this book. But the plot is rather crudely worked out; the situations appear strained, and the writer seems not to have imbibed the true spirit of New Orleans, nor to have made the best use of the materials selected for the story. Nor is the reader able at the end of the book to see what application the title has to the story.

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THE ETHICS OF PROGRESS. By Charles P. Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co.

Ethics, as usually written about, are either dry metaphysics or dilute goody-good platitudes of advice. To turn such platitudes into philosophy and philosophy into poetry, is something like a North-Pole feat. But the author has achieved it, or as nearly achieved it as popular culture will at present permit. What his argument lacks in technical closeness and the clinch of inevitable inference, it has gained by lucidity of style, and apt and familiar illustration. An aristocrat in the quality of his thought, he is a democrat in manner, and would rule the minds he writes for, by serving them. He washes the feet of his disciples. You read the successive chapters with a sense of entertainment that forgets the depth of the problems they deal with—such problems, for in-

stance, as: What is happiness; the nature of freedom; and the religion of morality. So clear do the waters seem, so gentle the breezes that waft along, that you mistake the mid-ocean voyage for a holiday cruise.

Perhaps this is the fault as well as the peculiar merit of the book. There is not enough of cloud and storm in its world-weather. The pilot credits his passengers with too much ability to see blue skies above all transient darkenings, blue skies everywhere and forever. The darkenings are there nevertheless — too fierce, too wild, too disastrous to be whistled away by an optimistic cheer that does not feel their danger. Yet optimistic every philosophy must be that believes in the unity of Thought as the necessary unity of any Universe it can think; since goodness is but another name for truth, and truth another name for reason; man's reason being thus identified with the Reason of the Universe, which underwrites all his rational demands upon it. *The Good Will of the Universe*, our author calls it, as an ethical name for God — and by what name can Religion itself better define the Absolute? — The Good Will that works in Nature and in Man; Nature's Force, Energy, Life, Instinct, as well as Man's Desire, Passion, Intellect — the very Logic of universal being, and hence its creative or fatherly Providence; — compelling all things and thoughts towards its adult and benign aims; no less compellant by inward persuasions than by outward pressures.

The subtlest part of the book is that which attempts to untangle this very knot of fate and freedom, and which certainly loosens threads it may not altogether unsnarl. The application of philosophic principles to reforms of education, police, property, war, — the state, is less satisfactory, is in fact too off-hand for the careful groundwork that precedes it. It ought to have been reserved for distinct and more thorough discussion. All in all, *The Ethics of Progress* is a mental outing — a deep lung-full breath of God's fresh air. It gives a sense of the mountains and the sea, with a thrill of Fourth-of-July disposition to hurrah for the Universe, *Our Universe*.

Many beautiful passages tempt quotation, but two must suffice as glimpses of the author's general view:

"We should not dare if we could to get rid of the hazard and venture of life. It goes to make men of us; it goes to the zest and joy of life. It makes the tragedy; it makes also the beauty, the poetry, the music. There is no music without the earthbeat and rhythm. The process of continual adjustment through which life goes on civilizes us who obey the law of its motion.

"My point here is that this very swing and motion, the contrast and rhythm, are of the nature of a unity. They tell of no hostile powers. They mean a world where all things go at last into harmony. This is the modern man's most solid conception of faith, with regard, at least, to the world that he inhabits. He comes to be altogether a citizen in it; that is, he learns everywhere how to make himself at home, as if it belonged to him. Every new idea of knowledge makes him more intimately a citizen, a master, a fellow creator. The more intelligent we become, therefore, the less do we tend to fight against anything as hostile to us. The child may, indeed, strike out against the post or the stone over which he has fallen, as if it were his enemy, and seek to punish it. A furious Xerxes might order his men to whip the sea which had swallowed his ships. But we have come to study the grain of things, and we seek to go with the grain as far as we can and not against it. We do not propose to beat against the walls which hem us in. All the more surely we are able to say to the mountain, 'Be removed and be thou cast into the sea;' and the means lie at our hands, working with Nature, and not against her, to compass every reasonable desire."

"The work of the trained teacher is an excellent illustration of the new method of approach to the problem of evil. Moral evil is like ignorance, as it is largely the child of ignorance. Does the skilled teacher fight ignorance, and vent his scorn and hatred against his helpless and ignorant pupils? No success was ever achieved on the lines of antagonism. The good teacher simply lets genial light into ignorant minds; he wakes up the intelligence; he stirs the natural curiosity; he induces interest. He was ignorant once himself; he does not know very much now; he applies his patience and sympathy

to the dullest of his pupils, where sympathy is most needed. He finds what a child likes, and can do, and leads on and up, and builds away, by what they call the doctrine of apperception, from the known to the new and unknown. He does not take the ignorance of pupils too seriously, but regards much of it as a matter of course and smiles over it; he expects a modicum of inertia, of restlessness, of slowness to learn. He does not represent learning as a dreadful, difficult and impossible task, as the preachers of righteousness have too often exhibited the way of virtue. But he holds the way of wisdom to be good and beautiful and practicable, and behaves as if he thought so himself. This is good pedagogy. It is the only successful method of overcoming moral evil. The law is clear and simple. You overcome evil with good and with nothing else."

ROBERT A. HOLLAND.

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GEORGE BERNARD SHAW. By G. K. Chesterton. New York: John Lane Company.

The writer has not the least intention of writing a review of Chesterton's latest effusion for two simple reasons: the one, that he refuses to read the book through, the other, that he is not more than superficially interested in George Bernard Shaw. Chesterton's paradoxes — or to be Chestertonian — Chesterton's unparadoxical style is deserving of earnest attention when it is occupied with serious stuff, but to track out the intricacies of his paragraphs merely for the sake of a criticism of G. B. S. and his plays is more than the writer cares to do. It is best to leave to Mr. Shaw himself all critical comment upon this last exhibition of literary pyrotechnics, and, as a matter of fact, he has reviewed the book in question most delightfully. To the outsider, to one who sits up in the gallery and watches the literary gymnastics of these trapeze experts, there is but one possible opinion. Apart from their philosophical — if one may use so prosaic a word for their flights — rightness or wrongness, they seem to be delighting themselves and an ever amusable public with literary brainstorm. It is the old, old story of people enjoying nothing quite so much as being told something

old in a new and spirited way; and when that new way is as lucid and keen and sparkling as Pommery sec, why then it is simply a question of turning out copy quick enough. The writer is, without doubt, laying himself open to the charge of endeavoring to be facetious — perhaps he is; and yet, in dealing with such a book as G. K. S. on G. B. S., it is almost impossible to be anything else. Of course, there is a vast amount of matter profoundly interesting and deeply suggestive in Chesterton's writings. He is a profounder diagnostician than is commonly found in the Medical profession or any other profession, and, after all, whether it be in Medicine or Literature or Philosophy, the great need of the day is diagnosis. Someone has said that the best things ever written by Chesterton have been his deliverances upon Shaw. Perhaps this is so. In the book before us he hits many a nail not germane to the subject upon the head under the pretence of nailing the author of *You Never Can Tell*; and yet we doubt whether, in this book, the world has been in any way benefited. Someone will here cry out, "Your lack of humor is humorous. You have no right to take Chesterton seriously," but that is exactly what we are endeavoring not to do. Is G. B. S. to be taken seriously, and does Chesterton do so? Let who can, deliver a dogmatic reply to that. Was Hamlet mad? We decline to commit ourselves these upon problems. Some people cannot keep themselves from brilliant writing just as Apollinaris cannot keep itself from effervescing — one is tempted to become serious and say that Shaw's aphorisms and paradoxes are the result of no greater depth than that from which the bubbles rise in carbonated water.

Now when Chesterton lets loose the vials of his wit upon such a man as this, two things are to be expected: a display of unprecedented spirit, and a criticism limited only by the length and width of the English language. That is exactly what we have in this book. In it we have put before us with stupendous impudence a two-hundred-and-fifty-page essay upon the text, "I am the only person who understands Shaw." He is paradoxically shown to be a puritan and a progressive, an insurgent and a conservative, a critic of "the ringing and arresting sort,"

a dramatist who had resolved "to build a play not on pathos but on bathos," a philosopher who has never seen the world in which he lives. If the reader is interested in Shaw, the book will thrill him; if he is not interested in Shaw, it will amuse him immensely; if he is an ordinary individual he will be very much mystified and, before he is half way through, will wonder where he is at.

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THE WAY THINGS HAPPEN. By Hugh de Selincourt. New York: John Lane Company.

The things that happened to furnish material for this beautiful story of Mr. de Selincourt, were that a wealthy American fell in love with an English woman of thirty-three years, married her and left her a widow at the end of a fortnight, possessed of a fortune which she desired so to use that it might bring happiness to others about her. In telling how these things happened, Mr. de Selincourt has woven apparently trivial incidents into a wholesome story, pleasantly told, and the book is in delightful contrast to the average modern novel, in the total absence of any effort to shock the conventional views of moral questions.

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THE MENTAL MAN: AN OUTLINE OF THE FUNDAMENTALS OF PSYCHOLOGY. By Gustav Gottlieb Wenzlaff, M.A., President of the State Normal School, Springfield, South Dakota. New York: Charles E. Merrill Co.

Another addition to the numerous text-books on Psychology. A pleasantly written and readable book, in which the author has marshalled an array of facts, drawn in large part from recent investigations. The importance of mental pathology in psychology is fully recognized. The treatment is concrete, abounding in illustrations. Unfortunately the work is marred at times by looseness and slovenliness of style. The following examples of infelicitous expression may be quoted: "Although great expectation from psychology should not be aroused, lest the impatient student of the science turn away in disappointment because of its meagre positive results, we yet

believe that in time to come, it will do more and more to enlighten and bring a wide range of psychic facts under their proper principles" (p. 14). "The affected persons were seized with quaking and trembling; or with ejaculations and rolling on the ground, accompanied with either deep remorse or intense joy; or with a swaying motion and a shouting of more or less meaningless phrases. . . . Lycanthropy starting from the perverse instinct of some one, which served as the suggestion, became epidemic at times; and men under the spell prowled about as wolves to a most disgusting extent" (pp. 242-243).

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THE ATONEMENT. By The Rev. Leighton Pullan, Fellow of St. John Baptist's College, Oxford; Lecturer in Theology in St. John's and Oriel Colleges. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Mr. Pullan has here given us a study of the Atonement as set forth in Holy Scripture. To the study of Atonement proper are prefixed two chapters; the first on *Sin*, the second on *Jesus Christ*; which form a fitting introduction to the immediate subject of the work. The author upholds in a vigorous and trenchant manner, what is known as the 'evangelical' doctrine; supporting it by a wide and thorough study of the evidence drawn both from the Old Testament and from various portions of the New Testament, which he considers in successive chapters. A weighty and valuable exposition of the Scriptural doctrine concerning Atonement.

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SIN. By the Rev. H. V. S. Eck, M.A., Rector of Bethnal Green. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This volume, like Mr. Pullan's work on the Atonement, belongs to the well-known series known as *The Oxford Library of Practical Theology*. It is the production of an active parish priest, who is carrying on a great work in one of the most populous districts of London. Mr. Eck writes of Sin from the experimental as well as from the Scriptural point of view, a fact which gives to his treatment the greater value. The discussion is not confined to a diagnosis of sin as 'original' and 'actual;'

but the author proceeds in a Third Part to explain, in very direct and helpful fashion, the way of recovery, under the several heads of Punishment, Forgiveness, Penitence, Confession, Absolution, The Conflict with Sin, and The Final Triumph.

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THE INCREASE OF THE EPISCOPATE. By C. E. A. Bedwell, with an Introduction by Edgar Jacob, D.D., Bishop of St. Albans. With maps. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

This volume is written in view of conditions in the Church of England and with the aim of furthering the cause of Church Reform, which is such an important issue in England to-day. The foundation of these chapters is in certain articles contributed by the author to *The Church Quarterly Review*, and which "form the first of a series by different writers, advocating measures of Church Reform, needed in 'order that the Church may be made more efficient from a business point of view for its work.'" The Bishop of St. Albans, in the course of his introduction to Mr. Bedwell's book, expresses the hope that "the efforts of Churchmen in the future will be not for one or two new dioceses only, but for a reasonable scheme by which, as the population increases and funds are provided, without the necessity of separate Acts of Parliament, new dioceses may be established, old boundaries revised and cathedral chapters formed."

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THE SCIENTIFIC TEMPER IN RELIGION, AND OTHER ADDRESSES. By the Rev. P. N. Waggett, M.A., of the Society of St. John the Evangelist. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

HOPE AND STRENGTH. Addresses by The Rev. P. N. Waggett, M.A., of the Society of St. John the Evangelist. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

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John MacLaren McBryde, Ph.D., recently elected Professor of English Language and Literature in the University of the South, has been appointed to the editorship of *THE REVIEW*, and Volume XVIII will issue under his editorial management. The only change in the policy of *THE REVIEW* will be in the direction of improvement. Bespeaking a continuance of the interest of those friends who have so generously contributed to *THE REVIEW* in the past there is an abundant promise of this interest extending to other writers.

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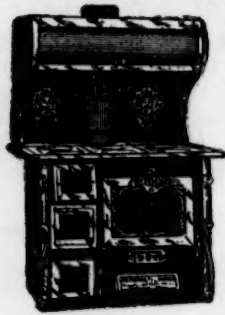
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**Regular Correspondents:**  
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**National Park Bank of New York**

**We solicit any account, no matter how small, and  
guarantee prompt and careful attention**

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